The Washington Monthly

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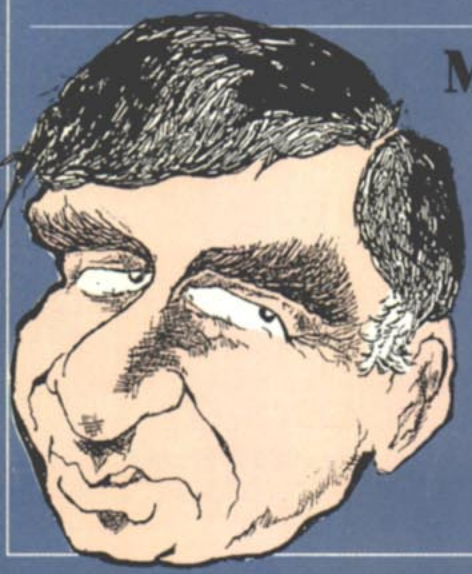

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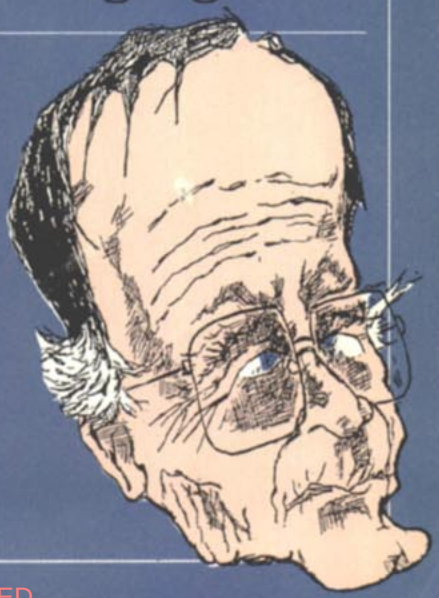

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LETTERS

Gray area

Peter Gray is correct that the end of the Cold War offers us a chance to reexamine our tolerance for lying ["Lie Society," May]. He does violence to history, however, by implying that those on the Left are always the innocent victims of lies.

The biggest lie of the 20th century was that Stalin, the murderer of 20 million, was in fact a humanitarian social reformer. The American Left savagely attacked anyone who challenged their Stalinist illusions. To take only one example, Victor Kravchenko, the first to successfully report Stalinist atrocities to a mass Western audience, narrowly escaped deportation to KGB vengeance. Even later, when Stalin was fully discredited, the Left quietly defamed Kravchenko as a self-dramatizing CIA mouthpiece.

The real liar about Agent Orange and PCBs has not been the U.S. government, but rather left-wing panicmongers. PCBs are highly toxic to certain rodents but not, reportedly, to human beings. A spectacular chemical fire at Seveso, Italy, exposed thousands to doses of PCB much higher than those in Vietnam, but apart from chloracne rash, expected medical horrors did not appear. Illnesses among Vietnam soldiers reportedly caused by Agent Orange—apart from chloracne and, possibly, non-Hodgkins lymphoma—invariably turn out to be either within normal probabilities or traceable to other causes.

The slate can only be wiped clean if *all* liars are called to account.

HUGO S. CUNNINGHAM
Somerville, Massachusetts

What makes Billy pander?

In reference to "Substance Abuse" [Christopher Georges, May], the real issue is that even though Bill Clinton may occasionally tell voters what they want to hear to boost his popularity, his record indicates that he will do whatever it takes to do the right thing for all Americans once in office. The story here should be that George Bush will tell Americans what they want to hear and proceed to do only that which benefits the special interests he favors.

It is clear from Clinton's record and proposals that he has a New Deal-type of plan for our inner cities, a welfare reform agenda, and an economic strategy to revitalize our economy. Why should he self-destruct by bringing up these issues when the president hasn't done anything about them in four years and only pays lip service to the fact that we are facing great problems? If the voters loved Ronald Reagan because he kept things simple when he told them he wanted to cut taxes, reduce government, and rebuild the military, why should Clinton have to confuse the press and simple-minded voters and in the process commit political suicide by dealing with the major issues?

ROBERT JASTREBSKI
Prospect, Illinois

Drug addition

Allow me to offer two small clarifications to Nathaniel Wice's thoughtful review of my book *Against Excess: Drug Policy for Results* [Booknotes, May].

First, changing the drug laws in the direction of "grudging toleration" is not central to the book's argument, which is more analytic than prescriptive. The concept of grudging toleration is largely a device to point out the discontinuity between current policies toward even the most tightly restricted licit drugs and those that apply to "controlled substances." Most of the book's array of proposed improvements can be implemented within the ambit of the current laws.

Second, the idea of a personal drug use license is not intended as a panacea. I merely wanted to raise the question of whether any drug made legally available to some adults should automatically be made available to all, even those who behave recklessly or criminally under its influence. I am under no illusion that such a plan would be easy to implement or perfectly effective, but the havoc wrought by a relatively small number of problem drinkers (repeat drunken drivers and drunken assailants) is so great that even a modest degree of success could save many lives.

MARK KLEIMAN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Aramonium

I was wondering when someone would notice that the United Way board bore some responsibility for the Aramony fiasco ["Board Stiffs," David Shenk, May]. As much as folks parrot the old line about boards having "ultimate accountability," it is often forgotten whenever there are other scapegoats. You may have noticed that during the recent years of railing against the sad state of American education, there has been plenty of bashing of teachers, administrators, teachers' unions, and teachers' colleges, but little ire directed at school boards. They carried on their fundamentally ill-designed task like the board of Continental Illinois (What? Us worry about the bank going down the tubes?) or the board of the University of Minnesota (*We* weren't the ones who spent all that money on the president's home!).

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So when a National Center for Nonprofit Boards spokeswoman tells Shenk, "There's nothing wrong with the system" as it is, she sums up the sad state of affairs in one sentence. Her organization, along with United Way, Independent Sector, and just about every other reputable authority, seems oblivious to the fact that the governance process so unquestioningly accepted in conventional wisdom is a joke. Watch any school board, city council, or social service agency board for 30 minutes—if you can stand the boredom—and you can't miss my point. And the nonprofits alone spend over $1 billion *per day* under this system of non-leadership.

And where have your colleagues in the press been? Like bloodhounds following the purse snatcher and missing the bank robber, they've been duped by the same misunderstanding, sniffing out comparably minor tidbits of waste and conflict while completely missing the massive losses wrought by misdirection and boards' failure to force systems to produce results. And the latter is the greater travesty, for systems that have no pressure to produce results get sloppy and turn inward. Nonprofits and public organizations, in the absence of proper governance, are allowed to exist on the influence of the righteous busybodies on their boards, not the results the institutions themselves obtain.

Clearly, a single board asleep at the switch is not the problem; rather, the wide acceptance of mediocre, sleepwalking governance is. But the cure for board somnambulism is not more conscientious engagement in a failed process (more committees meddling into administration, more of the board "approval" ritual), but going back to the drawing board with what governing boards should be all about. And that will take a radical overhaul of nonprofit, public, and business boards alike.

JOHN CARVER
Carmel, Indiana

Subversive Art

Regarding Art Levine's April annotations ["The PR Papers"]: Does *The Washington Monthly* wish to encourage journalists to all but steal private business correspondence?

It is disappointing that a magazine that should be justifiably proud of its high journalistic standards would publish an article born of what appears to be a blatantly unethical act. Notwithstanding the dubious value of Joe Blatchford's two-year-old memo as a target for ridicule, Levine's dirty trick seems less worthy than the memo he attacks.

If a store clerk accidentally hands Levine too much change, does he keep it, or correct the error? What about Charlie Peters?

DAVID H. ELLIOTT
Bialystok, Poland

The author replies:

Blatchford gave me the memo.

Nixon nixed it

Charles Peters claims that the Peace Corps shrank to 4,000 or 5,000 members during the seventies and eighties because Americans no longer felt the need to serve their country [Tilting at Windmills, April]. To set the record straight: The Peace Corps shrank because the Nixon administration appointed Joe Blatchford to reduce it to that size. Go back and check the budget or ask anyone who was there, like I was. It doesn't mean Bill Clinton couldn't have qualified through the squeeze, but it wasn't a lack of volunteers in the country that shrank the ranks of the Peace Corps.

JULIA LACEY
Washington, D.C

The author replies:

It is true that Nixon's and subsequent administrations, by their hostility and indifference, accelerated the decline of the Peace Corps. But the number of volunteers had already begun to shrink in 1967 and in the seventies and eighties there were many fewer applicants than in the sixties.

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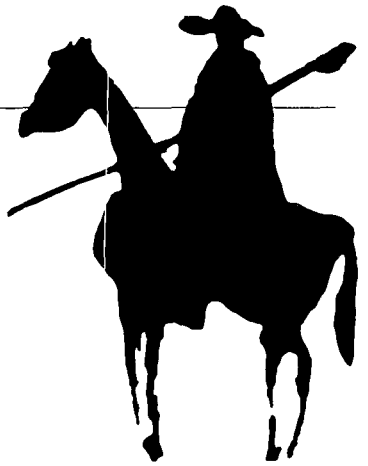
TILTING AT WINDMILLS



One of the military's main arguments against accepting gay recruits is that the gays may upset the straights by propositioning them. I have no doubt that this will happen from time to time. But I think it will have an edifying effect on the straight males, for they will find out what women have to endure from them. The answer to the problem of propositioning, then, is not to exclude gays, but to throw out anyone, gay or straight, whose propositioning becomes insistent enough to amount to harassment. . . .

A concern about Ross Perot: The most persistent preoccupation of his public life has been the rescue of supposedly surviving Vietnam MIAs. Perhaps Boris Yeltsin will turn up a few but my guess is that not only do those MIAs not exist now, they have not existed since our prisoners were returned in 1975. Clearly there is little chance that they exist in a number that could justify the priority Perot has accorded this matter. One is reminded of the disproportionate attention given the American hostages in Iran during Carter's last year in office. But back then we knew that they were real and alive. . . .

A few weeks ago, the Washington CBS affiliate ran a special hour-long program on Middleburg, Virginia, where many of the richest of this area's affluent live. It seems that the big issue among the landed gentry there is that they should be given tax reductions in return for granting scenic easement. In other words, since protecting the scenic beauty of the area benefits all property owners in the area, they want the state to pay them to do something that is in their own interest. . . .

If you want another reason not to embrace Ross Perot too quickly, read Ken Follett's *On Wings of Eagles*. This account of the rescue of the EDS hostages in Iran was commissioned by Perot, who retained the right to review the manuscript and fire the author if he didn't like it. Follett guarded against this unhappy possibility by painting a portrait of Perot so fawning that it would embarrass even an egomaniac. One illustration of Follett's hagiography:

Margot pricked up her ears when she heard Ross say damn*: it was most unusual for him to curse, especially in front of the children. He came into the kitchen with his face set. His eyes were as blue as the Arctic ocean, and as cold. She knew that look. It was not just anger: He was not the kind of man to dissipate his energy in a display of bad temper. It was a look of inflexible determination. It meant he had decided to do something, and he would move heaven and earth to get it done. She had seen that determination, that strength, in him when she had first met him, at the Naval Academy in Annapolis . . . could it really be 25 years ago? It was the quality that cut him out from the herd, made him different from the mass of men. Oh, he had other qualities—he was smart, he was funny, he could charm the birds out of the trees—but what made him* exceptional *was his strength of will. When he got that look in his eyes you could no more stop him than you could stop a railway train on a downhill gradient. . . .*

I am indebted to Barbara Lippmann of the *New York Daily News* for spotting an interesting difference in the ads a Broadway club named Flash Dancers runs in *The New York Times* and *The New York Post*. Its ad in the *Times* offers "100 international female

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entertainers" and "corporate and private parties." *Post* readers, on the other hand, get an easier-to-decipher message: "One hundred topless international dancers" featuring "Lotta Curves (Miss 1992 Melons)."

Sometimes you probably think the *Monthly* overemphasizes the role of class snobbery in modern America, but I invite you to ponder the fact that *Times* readers who present the Flash Dancers ad get a free drink, while *Post* readers have to pay for everything. . . .

And sometimes I'm sure you think we complain too much about executive compensation. But consider what Alison Leigh Cowen of *The New York Times*—a name like that deserves two free drinks—dubs the "Platinum Parachute" that Time Warner gave N. J. Nicholas Jr. when he was fired a few months ago: $15.8 million in severance pay plus a secretary, an office, and $6 million in life insurance through 1994.

Remember that this is payment not for success, but for failure, and you get a glimpse of what's wrong with corporate America today. . . .

For another illustration of the superiority of the Canadian health care system to the one in the United States, compare the out-of-pocket costs of Canadians and Americans who are 75 and over. Americans pay six times more. . . .

An incidental fact noted by Bill McKibben in his fascinating *The Age of Missing Information* is that "a higher proportion of Americans reported being very happy in 1957 than any time since." For me—and for many of my friends—the year was 1963. I can remember vacationing in a cabin in the Blue Ridge Mountains that October and feeling that life couldn't get better than this. It didn't. A month later came the Kennedy assassination, followed quickly by Vietnam, Watergate, and the death of the optimism about America and its future that had peaked for me and so many others in 1963. I suspect that this has something to do with the persistence of conspiracy theories about the Kennedy assassination. That October it seemed as if we had a president who was both brave and wise, who could muster the combination of firmness and reason needed to navigate the Cuban Missile Crisis and then negotiate the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, who could stand up to the big steel companies *and* corrupt labor unions, who could inspire a spirit of service among our best young people, and who learned from the Bay of Pigs how to stand up to the CIA and the Joint Chiefs.

In our hearts, we know that the conspiracy theories about the assassination are the right poetry—because the bad guys did want to get rid of JFK and because they gained by his death. The right poetry, however, is not always the truth. In the case of Kennedy's death it rightly portrays the struggle between the good in Kennedy and the bad in his enemies. Yet it wrongly describes the events of the assassination.

I've often wished that I could have started this magazine in 1961, not because Kennedy was flawless, but because I thought he would have responded to tough criticism that was dedicated to encouraging the triumph of his virtues over his vices. When I think of the current candidates, I know there is no chance that George Bush will respond to such criticism. So I see the choice as being between Perot and Clinton, and as of now it looks as though Perot is the pricklier of the two and therefore the less likely to learn from his critics. . . .

By the way, that comparison of Canadian and American health costs for the elderly helps explain why the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP) doesn't want the United States to adopt the Canadian system. One of AARP's most lucrative businesses (more than $100 million in profits annually) is the sale of health insurance to the elderly to supplement Medicare coverage. . . .

In the flurry of stories about Sharon Pratt Kelly's 103 days of travel in 1991, one detail that stood out for me is that the District of Columbia spent $30,000 for the travel expenses of the mayor's "security officers."

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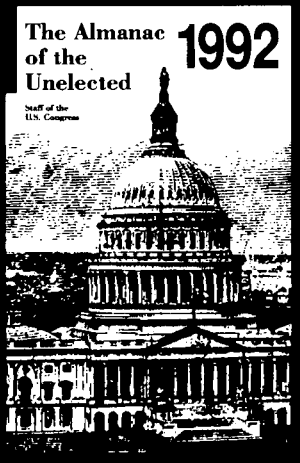
Why does she need security officers on her trips, even on her personal vacations?

A few days later, it was revealed that William Donald Schaefer, the governor of Maryland, has a 19-member security staff, which ran up a bill of $190,000 in overtime pay alone over the past two years. Why does the governor need a security staff?

All of this is a part of the tendency of state and local governments to imitate Washington. Even the name of the Maryland unit, the Executive Protective Division, is taken from the original name for the uniformed division of the U.S. Secret Service.

In Maryland, even the state's comptroller, Louis L. Goldstein, has a driver-body guard. The cost: $45, 498 in base pay plus $21,000 in overtime. The practice has become so absurd that even the football coaches at many state universities have police details assigned to them on game days. . . .



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One of Sharon Pratt Kelly's trips was to Naples, Florida, where she stayed at the Ritz Carlton Hotel. Her expenses were paid and she received an honorarium of $2,000. Kelly insists, "I did the speaking for just one purpose—to achieve a savings for the District, which we did."

Kelly spoke before the Municipal Bond Investors Assurance Corp., which subsequently received a $3.8 million fee to insure District bonds. The "savings" Kelly claimed was the amount of interest the city avoided paying because the bonds were insured. Similar savings could have been realized by insuring the bonds with any reliable company.

The municipal bond business is an area of potential corruption that too many city hall reporters have neglected out of ignorance. The fact is that a lot of companies are qualified to underwrite the bonds, many others can insure them, and many law firms can do the legal work. Which companies and which firms are chosen is often related to which firms do nice things for the city officials who do the deciding.When I first read that the late John Mitchell, Nixon's attorney general and a convicted Watergate felon, was involved in the municipal bond business, I told my friends that this man was not likely to be a stranger to the world of payoffs and other forms of political chicanery. . . .

Even if you aren't sure you're going to vote for Bill Clinton, I urge you to give money to his campaign. His treasury is tiny compared to Perot's and Bush's and, if you believe in democracy, you will want to do what you can to make the playing field level. . . .

The Wall Street Journal editorial page recently featured an article by Herbert Stein, Nixon's chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, saying in effect: What's wrong with the top 1 percent of Americans getting 70 percent of the wealth if they earned it legally through their labor and investment? The answer is that most of the wealthy had a head start through education or inherited wealth or both. Having begun the race ahead of the rest of us, many are able to buy investment and legal advice unavailable to the masses. They are able to get laws passed that also ease their path to additional wealth. They receive entitlement benefits they don't need and that are financed by a disproportionately high tax burden on the average citizen. Their real estate is usually assessed at a lower percentage of value than that of the average citizen. They have their own capital with which they can launch new ventures. In other words, the world is greased for them. In return, isn't it fair for society to expect them to pay in taxes an amount sufficient to make sure that their fellow citizens get a fair chance in life? . . .

The weekly Washington Business section of the *The Washington Post* is noted more for press agenting than for serious critical journalism. But last month, it ran a good article by Sharon Walsh on overcharging by law firms. It seems that firms are now using overhead items like copying, phone calls, meals, and even pens and folders as profit centers, with generous markups of

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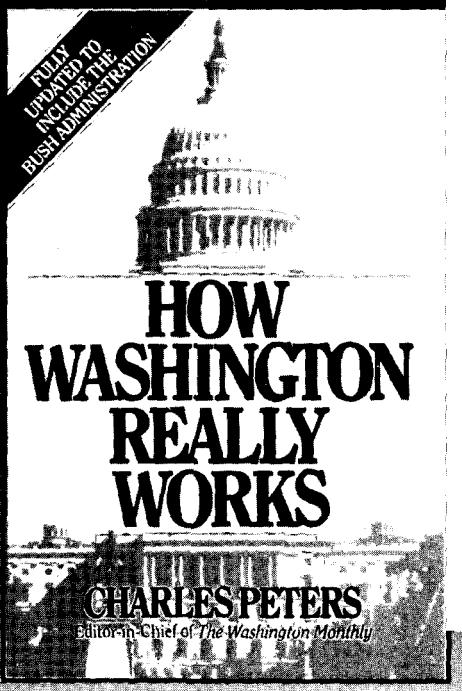

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Charles Peters is Editor-in-Chief of *The Washington Monthly*.

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The Washington Post's Broder-Woodward articles on Dan Quayle have just been published in book form. Upon rereading, the material seems less indulgent and more damning of the vice president than I had originally thought. One example is the authors' account of how assiduously Quayle followed up on his legal reform initiative:

"In an interview just before the initiative was made public, Quayle volunteered that 'I've got to sit down with Joe Biden [the Democratic chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee] sometime just to see how interested he is in cooperating.'

"Yet nearly four months later, as Congress was preparing to adjourn for the year, Quayle said he had not gotten around to seeing Biden. 'I do need to do that. . . . I should have sat down and talked with him about it.'" . . .

One argument opponents of national service use is that the service required is usually for the young. Why, they say, should everyone else escape? The point has merit, especially when one considers that since the mid-sixties, the educated and affluent elite of this country have generally avoided any kind of service, military or Peace Corps, so that there is a vast number of qualified people under 50 who have never served their country.

If they have served in any capacity, it is likely to have been as jurors, which might suggest a way out of the problem. Jury duty is accepted because it takes a bearable bite out of the life of a mature adult. Why not have short-term or part-time tasks that citizens could perform as part of their national service commitment? Tutoring underprivileged youth is a good example of a great need that could be met by part-time service. . . .

Another example of state misgovernment comes from Missouri, where settlements under the workmen's compensation law soared from $3 million to $30 million in the past eight years. The explanation for this is that the private lawyers appointed by William L. Webster, the state's attorney general, to defend against worker's compensation claims are from the same pool of lawyers who file them on behalf of their clients. Thus attorney A from the clique has a good reason to approve a high settlement for attorney B, who is also a member, because next time attorney B may be in a position to approve a high settlement for attorney A. The result is that settlements from one clique member to another were three times larger than when lawyers from outside the club were involved.

One member made $500,000 suing the fund last year. He also happened to be the most generous contributor to the attorney general's political campaign. But he may have gone a bit far. He has filed three worker's compensation claims on behalf of himself, thus far collecting $65,000 on two of them. How, you might wonder, can a lawyer have a work-related accident? One time, the lawyer claims, he hurt himself opening a file cabinet. Another claim involved "overexertion with briefcases." . . .

The subsidized travel of lawyers and doctors—this summer, for example, lawyers can enjoy rainbow trout fishing while supposedly attending a legal seminar in Alaska—is expanding to other groups. In May, according to the *Boston Herald*, "a band of Metropolitan Boston Transit Authority retirement officials jetted out . . . to sun-splashed Disney World for a pension fund seminar, but they were virtual no-shows at the conference's working sessions."

In the case of lawyers, the subsidy is paid by the taxpayer. At the MBTA, it's both the taxpayer and the subway rider who foot the bill. In either case, it's a racket. . . .

Officials at Boston University seem to have been so impressed by reports such as the previous one that, according to the *Boston Globe*, they are considering building a $55 million resort and conference center complete with hotel, golf course, swimming pool, health club, and spa. I've just finished writing a new edition of *How Washington Really Works*, the thesis of which is that most of what goes on in government is make-believe. Maybe make-believe is taking over education, too. What else can we think when an institution of higher learning runs a conference center that everyone knows is devoted not primarily to learning, but to tennis and golf. . . .

If you doubt that a democracy depends upon a well-informed public, consider a recent Yankelovich poll in which 38 percent of adult Americans said they would most like their child to grow up to be a university

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president, as opposed to only 7 percent who chose president of the United States. Obviously Americans have a fictitious view of what the job of a university president is really like. The reality is a combination of miserable money grubbing and boring faculty meetings that is driving incumbents away in record numbers. Witness the recent departures from Yale, Columbia, and Berkeley. . . .

The purpose of H.B. 736 in the Ohio General Assembly is to rename the Division of Litter Prevention and Recycling as the Division of Recycling and Litter Prevention and to rename the Litter Prevention and Recycling Advisory Council as the Recycling and Litter Prevention Council. The first meeting of the rechristened council will no doubt deal with the problem of what to do with all that obsolete stationery. . . .

Whatever happened to Hugh Sloan? He was one of the genuine heroes of Watergate: the assistant treasurer of CREEP who had the courage to resign when the aroma got gamey—and subsequently had the courage, although he and his wife (who was still working for Nixon) were clearly scared to death, to give crucial information to Woodward and Bernstein. *The Washington Post*'s Phil McComb recently found Sloan working in the private sector. The Budd Company, an auto-parts manufacturer had hired him after he left CREEP. His job search wasn't easy back then. Most employers weren't eager to take on a whistleblower—"Why don't you give us a call when it's all over. We do a lot of business in Washington, and this really wouldn't be a good idea for us"—but Bill Richards, the president of Budd, called Sloan in for an interview and ended up talking to him for seven hours, after which he hired him on the spot.

I would urge everyone who faces tough moral choices in his work to attend closely to this story. It certainly confirms my own observations. Life is seldom instantly generous to the morally courageous. Your example inspires nervousness or jealousy in lesser souls. But if you keep plugging, you're going to find people who love you for it and respond just as Bill Richards did.

I also endorse Sloan's advice to a young person confronted with similarly suspicious activities at work: "You have a perfect right and should always ask why, and you should be very nervous when somebody tells you that it isn't any of your business. . . . If somebody's asking you to sacrifice your personal integrity, then they don't deserve loyalty or respect." . . .

—*Charles Peters*

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What Citibank Can Learn from the House Bank

And what the insulated media can learn from my bounced check

by Jonathan Rowe

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media continually channel the nation's anti-establishment impulses against the government. Rarely are these impulses directed against those who stymie and corrupt that government with money and influence—those who often cause the abuses that people look to government to correct.

By now, readers of the daily press probably know more about the House payroll system than they do about their own banks. The system, created long before any current members were elected, pays House members through a payroll office that operates as a check-writing cooperative. Members' pay was deposited into accounts that together formed a kind of pool from which members could write checks. The payroll office didn't pay interest, the way a bank would. Instead, members could in effect take salary advances by writing checks against salary that hadn't been credited yet. These checks were covered by the pool; it has not been shown that taxpayer funds were used. In practice, the advances often were for just a few days. In this, members were doing pretty much what millions of Americans do with credit cards all the time: buy now and pay within 25 days, thereby avoiding interest. The system had no oversight, however, apart from the Sergeant at Arms, who was an avid check-bouncer himself (31 personal checks worth almost $105,000). With no written guidelines, the system was ripe for abuse. Some members, such as Mrazek and Davis, apparently were aware of the vacuum and exploited it to get free loans.

But this doesn't mean every member did. Press accounts of the system imply that members of Congress were watching their accounts like currency traders in Zurich. Yet a large percentage, perhaps even a majority, didn't even *know* about the overdraft policy. The reason they didn't pay penalties was the same reason

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you or I wouldn't: They never got overdraft notices, and any statements they did get concerning their accounts were sketchy at best.

Several members made the plausible argument that they actually lost money; the interest they would have received at a commercial bank would have more than paid the penalties for bounced checks. (Rep. Tom Coleman, a Republican from Missouri, told a *New Yorker* writer that he didn't use the House payroll pool because his wife thought it was crazy to forgo the interest his money would get at a commercial bank.)

Such tales are much less exciting than those of check-kiting congressmen. Reporters have noted them in passing, like obligatory balancing quotes that are recited and then dismissed. The point is not that particular members were right or wrong, only that the media have shown a remarkable lack of interest in how the House really works, and who was really responsible.

The media's excuse for this lack of curiosity is that the House banking scandal is a symbolic issue pointing to deeper problems in the government. Even if individual congressmen weren't consciously abusing the system, this argument goes, they are getting their just deserts for the institution's collective misdoing, from the congressional pay raise to the general cowardice regarding the nation's budgetary ills. You know, Al Capone was put away on tax evasion, and so forth.

Fair enough. But the House is investing a lot of staff time and taxpayer money dealing with a symbol: five full months for the ethics committee to piece together the accounts and untold additional days for individual members and their staffs. Even if the ousting of unpopular incumbents in November opens up a small window for change in a legislature that needs it, there is no justification for crucifying the innocent. The old refrain of the goo-goos happens to be true: Good people aren't going to run for office if they face getting dragged constantly through this kind of muck. But the biggest trouble with these symbolic issues is that they generally don't lead to solutions to, or even a better understanding of, the larger problems they are intended to symbolize.

Bad feelings about America's financial institutions were a primary subtext of the House bank imbroglio. "If an ordinary citizen wrote a bad check, he could pay a penalty of up to $25 or face interest on the overdraft," declared *Time*. ("Any American who bounced two or three sizable checks would risk felony charges," echoed *Newsweek*, upping the ante.) Clearly, members of Congress shouldn't be a privileged caste, but abolishing the House payroll system won't in itself ease their constituents' load. Unfortunately, there's still little pressure on Congress to take action that would lighten it.

Despite the brief flurry of attention last year, for example, credit card rates remain exorbitant. And it's hard to think of a bigger gap between real and advertised prices than in the case of home mortgage loans, where you end up paying thousands of dollars in "points" and other fees. (Unlike the overdrafts at the House payroll office, such practices cost the public real money.) Credit ratings are a similar outrage: The Federal Trade Commission says these ratings are the single biggest source of consumer complaints. The House has been working on a bill for two years. But while covering up its own bad credit risks, it's succumbed to lobbyist pressure and reshaped the bill into anti-consumer legislation that would actually prohibit the states from doing anything to tighten weak federal standards.

Nevertheless, the lesson for survivors of the fall elections is not likely to involve getting tough on redlining and cracking down on credit card interest rates and the rest. Rather, the lesson is going be to *balance your checkbook*. And the reason lies less with Congress than with the way the media—large and small, inside and outside the Beltway—work.

Curses, FOIA'd again

One reason the payroll story proved so attractive to Washington reporters was that it offered them the opportunity to look like tough investigative reporters with a minimum amount of effort. It's a classic example of the cherry-picking that too often passes for reporting in the Capitol.

House payroll overdrafts have existed at least as far back as the early fifties, when Republicans controlled the House. GAO reports on the office have been public since 1977. And Walter Pincus actually did a small story for *The Washington Post* back in February 1990, based on a GAO report, that focused on the abuses of former Sergeant at Arms Jack Russ. It was buried on page 23. Then a *Roll Call* reporter saw the most recent report and wrote the story. *The Washington Times* and *USA Today* jumped all over it, and the rest of the press soon followed.

That's not exactly Woodward and Bernstein. In fact, one might well jump on the press for ignoring a problem that was literally right under its collective nose for years. A fact conveniently downplayed in press accounts is that reporters also used the House payroll office, to cash personal checks. What were they thinking about as they gathered their money? If it never occurred to them that something was amiss, how could they be so sure that the members themselves knew? Same for Newt Gingrich, the Minority

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Whip for whom the press has served as valet on this issue. As a certified check-bouncer, presumably he's known about the lax payroll procedures since he came to Congress in 1978, or sometime thereafter. Why didn't he blow the whistle before now?

Still, the bigger question is not how quickly the press got the story; it's the broader issues it neglected to raise when it had it: What's wrong, in principle, with a bank that operates like a check-writing cooperative? And why can't Citibank and local branches treat us more like their favored customers instead of charging 18 percent? For virtually all the pay-and-perks debauchery we read about in Washington, the corporate world has more egregious examples. But the corporate stories tend not to get coverage, as they often involve a hell of a lot more work.

The biggest trouble with "symbolic" stories like the House bank scandal is that they generally don't lead to solutions to, or even a better understanding of, the larger problems they are intended to symbolize.

Compared to covering government, reporting on the corporate world is difficult. There is no Freedom of Information Act, no open meeting laws, no free press facilities of the kind that Hill reporters get. (This is one reason why inefficiency and waste in the private sector generally go unnoticed.)

But there's another reason why stories like the House payroll office are so attractive: They're safe. Few editors worry about libel suits when attacking Congress. Few also worry about losing advertisers. For all the pummeling of Congress over PAC money, the media have their own special-interest donors in the form of advertisers. As documented in a recent report by the Center for Science in the Public Interest, reporting on business can be as perilous as voting against the realtors, the drug industry, or AIPAC.

An example of the danger of business reporting is the story of Graef Crystal, the noted authority on executive pay whose bestselling book, *In Search of Excess*, won him few friends in corner offices. Crystal left a job at *Fortune* magazine after he was pressured to revise his estimate of the gargantuan pay of Steven Ross, chief of Time Warner (which, of course, owns *Fortune*). Then he was fired from *Financial World* because of complaints from the CEOs of advertisers. "I can't find a niche in any American magazine that has advertising pages, because my enemies are going to be out there threatening to pull their advertising," Crystal told *The New York Times*.

Crystal is now a contributor to a Manhattan weekly called the *New York Observer*, and in a recent column he showed why the nation's corporate media prefer to keep the public focused on Congress. Crystal noted with obvious relish that Time Warner's outside directors increased their pay from $38,000 to $60,000 a year (plus new pension benefits)—and all this for just "a few days work a year." That's a deal that makes congressional pay look like minimum wage. And it's only a footnote to the pay of Time Warner head Ross himself, who, it turns out, derives large bonuses from a formula that defines corporate profits differently for him than for the shareholders. "The shareholders lost $99 million in 1991," Crystal notes, "but the company was hugely profitable under the definition of profits used for Mr. Ross's bonus"—at least $716 million before taxes.

Crystal's book recounts many examples like the Time Warner case. Common, too, in the private sector is the kind of petty waste that causes such a stir when found in Washington. A number of years ago, for example, *The Wall Street Journal* mentioned the story of a corporate Sununu—a recruiter who set up interviews for jobs that didn't exist just so he could fly to New York at company expense. I once worked in the field of state tax enforcement, and at the annual meetings, corporate tax reps outnumbered the state officials by a healthy margin. These events were openly acknowledged to be vacations on company expense. People often brought their families and left the meetings early in the afternoon for sightseeing or golf. For government officials, this would be called a "junket." But I began to wonder why we don't care that corporate people waste our money too, although as consumers rather than taxpayers. The money for these trips doesn't come from the invisible hand. It comes from yours and mine.

So why don't the media see it? Maybe for the reason a fish doesn't see water. When journalists proclaim that Congress is "wallowing in privilege and hypocrisy," as John Fund of *The Wall Street Journal* put it, they're also talking about themselves.

A common anxiety binds together Washington officials and reporters: that they will be exposed as

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captives of the Beltway culture they comprise. The House payroll office brought these anxieties to a flash point. Nobody wanted to appear an apologist for those disgusting politicians. William Raspberry, one of the few sane voices on the issue, blushed in his *Post* column that he was "embarrassed" that he couldn't "even figure out what the scandal is." The *Post* took to quoting the radio talk shows on the issue, more evidence of a growing Washington worry that the national frame of reference is drifting further away. The irony is that the media have become like Reagan and Bush, running against the government they run—thus betraying how much a part of the Capitol culture they really are.

The congressional pay raise was a prime example. Washington journalists were slow to report the outrage because, heck, many of them were making more than congressmen did. It would take at least five of Evans and Novak's "pampered pols" to equal the estimated $900,000-plus income of Novak himself. (As for incumbency, Novak has been incumbent on the *Post*'s op-ed page for almost 30 years, longer than Tom Foley has been in the House.) Pat Buchanan, who reviled the "check-kiting boodling congressmen," makes more than $800,000; with that kind of money, he can write big checks all month, bounce-free. Rush Limbaugh, the right-wing talk-radio host who gorges on congressional misdoings, pulls in over a million.

Free lunch

Workaday reporters don't match those princely pay levels. But people rarely take a pay cut to go to the *Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, or NBC. Or a lifestyle cut either. During the height of the House bank frenzy, lists of congressional "perks" appeared in the *Post* and *Newsweek*. The remarkable thing about the perks was that reporters get many of them too. High on the list of what *Newsweek* called Congress' "baronial" perks, for example, are subsidized lunches in the members' dining room. Reporters are certainly authorities on the subject of subsidized lunches. When I worked on the staff of the D.C. City Council, a *Post* Metro reporter asked me to lunch one day. I suggested my usual repertoire of greasy spoons, such as the old Bassin's cafeteria at the corner of 14th and Pennsylvania. "Oh, come on. We can do better than *that*," this reporter said. "It's on Kay"—meaning, of course, *Post* owner Katharine Graham. She gets to subsidize a lot of eating, as do the owners of most of the major outlets (which means their readers/viewers and advertisers do). Or take the free parking on Capitol Hill: The press gets free parking there, too (in the choice lot right behind the Capitol), and this perk's at taxpayer expense.

I don't begrudge the Washington media their nice lunches or parking privileges or their stays in the better hotels. But the effect on them is exactly the same as that on Congress: to dull their sense of personal urgency regarding the financial problems that millions of Americans face. And the implications of that insulation go well beyond the House bank, to some of Americans' most pressing issues.

Take health insurance. Both George Bush and Newt Gingrich have trashed the Canadian system, which is a form of national insurance. "The Canadian system controls costs by letting people die," Gingrich has said. That's false—the Canadian system costs less than America's, and people there are generally happy with it. (By contrast, a *Money* survey found that 88 percent of Americans think U.S. doctors charge too much.) If these two Republicans weren't coddled in the cocoon of the most socialized medical system in the United States—the one that takes care of elected officials—they might be more in touch with the plight of millions of Americans who don't have insurance or who fall through the cracks of the coverage they have. And if the media didn't have ample medical coverage, they might bring more ardor to the issue, too.

Not too long ago, "PrimeTime Live" did a segment on the deplorable conditions in day care centers around the country. With its hidden cameras, it recorded kids stuck in front of TV sets for hours on end and shadow staff arriving to make a show of educational activity and adequate supervision just before parents came at the end of the day to pick up their kids. After cultivating viewer outrage with shot after scandalous shot, the report switched to the model day care center available to members of Congress, at a very reasonable fee. The message: You should be mad that Congress provides better for itself than it does for the taxpayers.

But that's only half of the message, whether the issue is the House bank or the House childcare center or the House health plan. If Americans are peeved because members of Congress don't share their own misery, then that's a signal to *address* the misery rather than simply to insist that members of Congress share it. And if the media were a little less absorbed in the exotica of Washington and a little more concerned with the consumer abuses that affect the public every day, that point would be absolutely obvious. What should come of the House bank scandal? Is it that 435 congressmen and a few delegates pay 18 percent interest and vast penalties when they bounce checks, or is it banking reform that ensures that the rest of us don't have to? □

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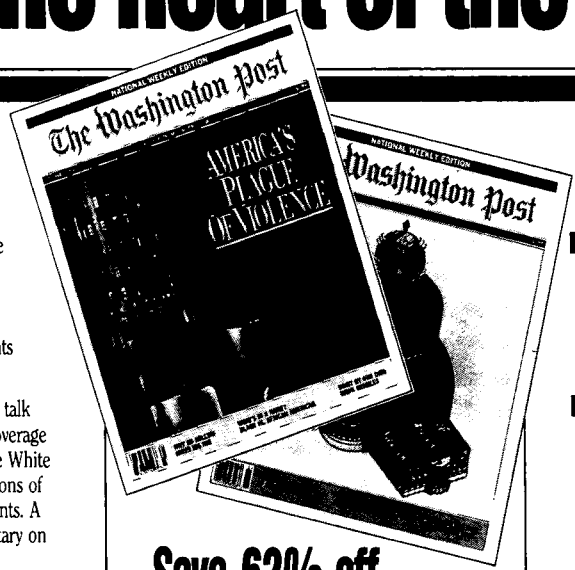

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High Stakes, Low Courts

Forget the Supremes. The real threat to justice is the hundreds of conservative appointees to the lower federal courts

by Tony Mauro

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cuit judges ordered a rehearing of the case of alleged Nazi executioner John Demjanjuk—whose identification as Ivan the Terrible is now officially in doubt—again it was the work of Carter appointees.

Even so, decisions like these often turn out to be short-lived victories; many liberal rulings are eventually overturned as they slowly work their way up through the courts. The rightward shift has, of course, been most visible on the Supreme Court. Our nation's attention—if not its conscience—was aroused by the feisty public battles waged at the confirmation hearings of Robert Bork and Clarence Thomas. And the high court's recent decisions on abortion, employment discrimination, and prisoners' rights, to name a few, have served to highlight the starboard list. But the decisions at the next tier of the judiciary—the circuit courts of appeals—and the tier below that—the district courts—are, ideologically, the Supreme Court again and again. Only worse.

The numbers paint a vivid picture: By the end of this summer, assuming that the Senate confirms a batch of pending judicial nominations, Reagan-Bush appointees will comprise a majority of the justices on all 12 federal circuit courts of appeals. It's the most complete makeover of the federal courts since FDR. Combined, Reagan and Bush have filled 534 of the 837 federal judgeships nationwide, and if Bush is reelected, by the end of his second term it's likely that *90 percent* of the federal judiciary will have Bush or Reagan to thank for its job. But even without four more years of Bush, the future has been largely set: The altered landscape of the lower federal courts may constitute the conservatives' longest legacy and best revenge on the Democrats who control Congress and who may ultimately regain the White House.

Of course, the numbers are just the beginning. Lower court decisions that have piled up in recent years in areas from free speech to police brutality have often gone far beyond where the Supreme Court would dare to tread. If, as seems likely, 1992 turns out to be a record year for executions, the federal courts will in large measure be responsible.

The simple fact is that most legal issues never find their way to the Supreme Court, which means that the lower courts often have the final say. And when Congress acts to undo Supreme Court rulings—as it did with the hard-fought Civil Rights Act of 1991—those new laws return to the federal courts to be interpreted by the same judges whose views prompted the laws in the first place.

The losers in this ideological battle are, of course, those who most need the protection of the courts: minorities, criminal defendants, and the downtrodden. Congress, state courts, and legislatures are increasingly called upon to assume the role of protector once played by the federal courts. "Blacks no longer trust the federal courts," says Judge Stephen Reinhardt, a Ninth Circuit Carter appointee who favored a stay of execution for Harris. "My job is now different. My job now is to keep the torch lit. It would be more rewarding if we could do more good for the country, like we used to."

For Carter appointees like Reinhardt, it must be downright discouraging, let alone unrewarding, when defendants can't even get their cases heard. Since Reagan and Bush appointees began to dominate his court, Reinhardt says, it has become more and more likely for civil cases to be thrown out because of missed filing deadlines. "You file a day late, your case is dismissed," he says. Likewise, the court has issued more unpublished opinions and cut oral argument time and the permitted length of briefs. "I'm not saying all Bush appointees are

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for these things, and all Carter appointees are against them," explains Reinhardt, "but in the current climate, these kinds of measures are far more acceptable than they once were."

Judge Gilbert Merritt, one of four Carter appointees on the Sixth Circuit now joined by 10 Reagan and Bush judges, adds, "I really do cherish my relations with my colleagues, but they certainly have a different point of view." For example, says Merritt, who spearheaded the effort to have the Demjanjuk case reopened, "They find the incidence of discrimination to be far less prevalent. They are no more or less activist, just activist in a different way."

Merritt's point is not a minor one. After all, activism is precisely what Reagan and Bush judges were supposed to eschew. When Reagan officials boasted early on that they would foster a "sea change" in the direction of the courts, they spoke in terms of shaping a "non-activist" judiciary. Instead, the Reagan and Bush judiciary has attacked precedent with gusto and made leaps in interpretation no passive judge would feel comfortable making.

Court costs

When the Supreme Court in the 1989 *Patterson* case sharply limited the use of the Civil Rights Act of 1966 to remedy private workplace discrimination, lower courts followed its example by dismissing more than 300 pending claims and reversing a number of judgments already won by plaintiffs. Carter appointees, according to one 1987 study, were twice as likely as Reagan appointees to support civil rights claims, and Reagan appointees were four times more likely than Carter judges to deny standing to "underdog" plaintiffs suing corporate or government defendants.

Consider the case of Vivienne Rabidue, who by all accounts was not a pleasant person to work with. She was rude and irascible; as an office manager at Florida's Osceola Refining Company, she bickered constantly with coworkers and customers. But as the only female manager at the plant, she was also subjected to an unending barrage of demeaning remarks. Her supervisors daily used the words "whore" and "tits" in her presence. One supervisor commented that Rabidue had a "fat ass," adding that "all the bitch needs is a good lay." She was not permitted to take male clients to lunch for fear, her bosses said, that she might have car trouble on the road.

Rabidue, who was fired for being a troublesome employee, sued for sexual harassment. Judge Damon Keith, a Carter appointee, described Osceola as an "abusive, anti-female environment." But the majority amazingly disagreed, suggesting that Rabidue had voluntarily subjected herself to a work environment that generally mirrored society as a whole.

In another Florida sexual harassment case, Rockwell International worker Karen Weinsheimer testified that not only was she the target of frequent verbal abuse, but that in one incident, a male coworker exposed himself and placed his penis in her hand while she was looking away. But the court ruled against Weinsheimer, saying that she was "equally proficient in the use of crude language," and thus any abuse she suffered was not based on "sexual animus."

When victimized women have to struggle to have their dignity upheld, it should come as no surprise that the courts have shown even less compassion for defendants in police brutality cases. One legal loophole the courts now commonly employ is a view of "standing" that makes police brutality suits harder than ever to bring. In *Los Angeles* v. *Lyons*, a 1983 case involving the Los Angeles Police Department's use of illegal chokeholds, the Supreme Court said the plaintiff had no standing to sue for an injunction even though he suffered permanent larynx damage and blacked out because of the chokehold. The justices shut the courthouse doors on Lyons because he could not show that he was likely to be the victim of an illegal chokehold in the future.

Virtually every circuit court of appeals since has adopted the perverse logic of the *Lyons* case to dismiss brutality lawsuits. In an Eleventh Circuit case, three men injured by the canine unit of the West Palm Beach Police Department lost their case because they couldn't prove they would ever again be attacked by a police dog. The negative impact of such rules is magnified, of course, for minorities; few of us needed to watch the Rodney King beating to know that blacks are more likely than whites to suffer unjustly at the hands of police.

At the same time, the courts' swing to the right has scaled back minority rights in less stark but equally destructive ways, especially in the area of affirmative action. For instance, in the closely watched case of *City of Richmond* v. *Croson* (1989), the Supreme Court struck down the city's plan to require that a certain amount of contracting work be awarded to minority-owned businesses. Since then, lower courts have gone beyond the *Croson* decision to erase a broad range of affirmative action programs —programs that even those who feel that set-asides need limits would question. One example: A Texas court declared illegal a Beaumont high school plan to assign two black coaches to the varsity football team —a team that was 80 percent black and had never had a black coach, in a district operating under a court desegregation order.

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Clarence Thomas, in an appeals court decision issued after he joined the Supreme Court, found that an FCC program to promote ownership of broadcast licenses by women was unconstitutional—even though a similar program aimed at boosting minority ownership had passed muster in the Supreme Court one year earlier. D.C. Court of Appeals Judge Abner Mikva, a Carter appointee, dissented, lamenting "the tendency of judges who are devoted to the original intention of the framers of the Constitution to ignore the original intentions of elected representatives in Congress."

Reagan and Bush's "non-activist" judiciary has attacked precedent with gusto and made leaps in interpretation no passive judge would feel comfortable making.

The original intent of the law is also being skewed by recent conservative interpretations in privacy and search-and-seizure cases, as in the case of drifter Oscar Caycedo-Ortiz. The Colombian-born Caycedo-Ortiz, who immigrated to the United States in 1985, was staying at the house of friend Luis Rios in Miami in May 1987 when the police unexpectedly arrived at the door and began to search the house. Caycedo-Ortiz had slept over the night before in a guest bedroom and had brought with him a small briefcase filled with personal items. The police search showed the house to be a veritable cocaine factory, equipped with a hydraulic press, gallons of hexanes, acetone, hydrochloric acid, and drying lamps. It also turned up packages of cocaine throughout the residence. No drugs, however, were found in Caycedo-Ortiz's bag. Still, Caycedo-Ortiz was arrested along with the other occupants of the house on drug-related charges.

He later defended himself by claiming that the police had no right to search him or his bag. After all, he said, he was simply an invited guest who slept at the house for one night and whose privacy was guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. But the court disagreed for several reasons, not the least of which was that he should have been aware that the house was filled with cocaine-making paraphernalia.

Rulings similar to the one against Caycedo-Ortiz have reappeared in various instances throughout the federal system, as judges have allowed warrantless searches of a house for sale, rented storage units, mobile homes, train roomettes, trash bags, and even film brought by a photographer to a store for developing. A Ninth Circuit panel had no qualms about the warrantless search of a mobile home that was attached to utility lines and parked in a residential driveway. When police decided to sneak up a driveway, hide in the bushes, and seize trash bags located well inside someone's property—all without a warrant—the Seventh Circuit said, in effect, "No problem." And an Eighth Circuit panel found no evidence of an illegal search when police followed a woman into a restroom and watched her activities in a stall through a crack in the door.

In 1989, IRS agents painstakingly sifted through the garbage outside the home of a Massachusetts resident, piecing together shreds of paper until they assembled enough evidence to obtain a search warrant to examine his home. Once inside, they pored through his records and came up with the grist they needed to nail him on charges of tax evasion. The court ruled that the defendant's privacy had not been violated.

The right to sexual privacy, too, has been scaled back, with district and appeals court judges taking their cue from a 1985 Supreme Court ruling that upheld Georgia's anti-sodomy law, which legitimized a broad range of discriminatory acts toward homosexuals. In a 1990 decision, Ninth Circuit Judge William Canby Jr.'s dissent—you guessed it, he's a Carter appointee—observed flatly that the sanctioned discrimination against homosexuals is "wrong and it will have tragic results."

Taught police

The wholesale review of past legal doctrine has extended to the area of free speech, and has shown up in the form of clamps on student speech, symbolic speech, expression in public forums, and speech in which government funding is involved. One example is a 1989 case brought by high school student Dean Poling against the administrators of his Tennessee high school. An eleventh-grade honor student at Unicoi County High, Poling was on the ballot for class president in the spring student council elections. All 10 candidates were required to deliver a short speech before the entire school assembly prior to the election. But before doing so, candidates had to provide a

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draft of their remarks to a school guidance counselor, Barbara Ollis, for review. Ollis took one look at Poling's draft and balked at the line in which he suggested that the school administration had an "iron grip" on the school. No good, she said, because such a statement would give him an unfair advantage over the other candidates. Other school officials concurred, and Poling was forced to withdraw from the race. But Poling and his parents took their case to court, claiming violation of the student's First Amendment rights. The schoolmarmish court disagreed, noting that the "art of stating one's views without . . . unnecessarily hurting the feelings of others surely has a place in any high school curriculum."

Discriminating tastes

The question of how best to explain the sharp changes Reagan and Bush judges have wrought divides court watchers. Do the judges arrive with an agenda, or is it merely that they are cut from Republican cloth, with backgrounds that make them see cases differently from Carter appointees?

It would require a great deal of naivété to believe that nominations to the bench are made without a thought to ideology. Bush's judge-pickers, led by White House aide and former Scalia clerk Lee Liberman, "may not ask the potential nominee (yes or no, do you support abortion) but they know the answer," explains George Kassouf of the Alliance for Justice, which has led the fight against confirmation of some of the most conservative Reagan and Bush nominees. For evidence, we need look no further than Bush's unsuccessful 1991 nominee for the Eleventh Circuit, Kenneth Ryskamp, whose racially insensitive remarks continued through private interviews with Senate Judiciary Committee staff. Even in his confirmation hearing before the full committee, Ryskamp defended his membership to a Florida country club accused of excluding blacks and Jews.

Or look at the resumé of Ed Carnes, a new Eleventh Circuit nominee, which features essentially one past accomplishment: administering Alabama's death penalty as an assistant state attorney general. (In Carnes' case, the politics behind his appointment weren't all Republican: Alabama Democrat Senator Howell Heflin was his leading sponsor.)

But even in the unlikely event that an appointee comes to the bench agenda-free, his legal background —which these days is less and less likely to be in an area like civil rights law—can be enough to tilt his views. A judge who looks at a case from the experience of 20 years as a corporate lawyer may see it differently than a judge who has spent 20 years as a civil rights or labor lawyer.

Another obvious difference between appointments by Carter and those by the two Republican presidents who followed him reflects the fact that Carter valued diversity. Fully half of the blacks appointed to appeals court positions by Reagan and Bush now sit on the Supreme Court—an impressive statistic until you realize that that works out to one man. Exactly two of 115 Reagan-Bush appointees to the appellate courts are black. Although the percentage of minorities appointed by Bush to the lower federal courts has increased in the last two years, he still has a way to go to make up for his dismal 1989–1990 performance: 95 percent of his appointees were white men. Twenty-two percent of Carter's appointees were minorities.

Reagan and Bush have also tilted toward relatively young appointees, to ensure an impact well into the next century. So imbalanced are the federal courts these days in terms of race and age that a former federal public defender from San Diego, Judy Clarke, was shocked recently when she stepped to the podium at an orientation session to deliver a speech to new federal judges. On hand to discuss the problems that defendants have with federal sentencing guidelines, she saw before her a sea of white faces. "They were mostly male and my age, 39," she said later. "And they had a glazed look as if to say, what's the problem with these guidelines? I thought to myself, 'Oh my God, is this the rest of my professional life?'"

Supreme irony

If Bush is reelected, the answer to Clarke's question is yes. And that's why the composition of the courts should be a major issue in the campaigns for both the presidency and the Senate, where the power to confirm federal judges should, after the Thomas debacle, be taken a little more seriously. "Given the fact that the Supreme Court is hearing far fewer cases than it used to, these [lower federal courts] are the courts of last resort," says Nan Aron, head of the Alliance for Justice. "Their nominations ought to be given the same scrutiny as the Supreme Court."

And indeed they should. Yet while presidential challengers Bill Clinton and Ross Perot join liberal senatorial hopefuls in lamenting police brutality, the sorry state of civil rights, urban decay, the environment, and the rest of the crises afflicting America, few have spoken out about the one issue that impacts them all: the makeup of the federal courts. After all, one thing about which we can be certain if we reelect Bush is that the federal judges he selects over the next four years will be making decisions about our lives and our country for a lot longer than Bush himself. □

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Annie, Get Your Guccis

Land-use laws made for cowboys and small miners have given Anheuser-Busch and Met Life the run of the West

by Brigid Schulte

When Congress first debated the law that was to regulate mining on the vast public lands in the West, lawmakers envisioned idylls in which struggling miners would build "little homes [and] raise peach trees and potatoes." By virtually giving miners the land on which they staked their claims and asking for no return on any minerals they found with their pickaxes and mules, lawmakers hoped to attract industrious pioneers who would set down roots and form the backbone of taxpaying communities.

That was 1866. This is today:

Newmont Mining Corporation used satellites, not pans, to prospect for gold, bulldozed huge pits in the Nevada earth, soaked more than 150 million tons of excavated dirt with a cyanide solution, extracted 1.68 million ounces of gold in 1990, and walked off with $342 million in net income. European financiers Jacob Rothschild, Sir James Goldsmith, and associates, who own 49 percent of the corporation, paid no royalties to the U.S. government for the gold and no rent on the land—which the federal government sold to them for a filing fee of between $2.50 and $5 an acre.

Pouring cyanide solution over low-grade ore, known as "heap leach" mining, is responsible not only for the resurgence of the mining industry in the United States over the last decade, but also for scarring the arid western landscape and contaminating its groundwater. So much for little homes and peach trees.

The mining statutes aren't the only federal subsidy helping Newmont bilk America. The company also enjoys the benefits of a below-cost federal grazing program, originally designed to help keep family-owned sheep and cattle ranches in business. Newmont wholly

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owns the Elko Land and Livestock Co. in Battle Mountain, Nevada, adjacent to its mining lands. The ranch controls 73,347 acres of public rangeland. Last year, Newmont paid the government $24,114 to graze its cattle. Grazing the same head of cattle on subleased private land would have cost Elko anywhere from $85,687 to $118,248, according to various government and independent estimates.

Not only is Elko getting a fat break, but the government is actually losing money on the deal. Just to break even on the grazing fee program, the federal government would need at least $35,000 from Elko, according to conservative Forest Service estimates. That means the government is effectively *paying* Elko to use public lands.

If Newmont and Elko represent eighties' welfare for the rich at its most outrageous, they have plenty of corporate company. Today, thanks to outdated laws and lax federal oversight, a cozy power elite controls a huge amount of America's valuable natural resources and vanishing open spaces.

Among those benefiting from the grazing laws are Getty Oil, Texaco, Chevron, Anheuser-Busch, Utah Power and Light, John Hancock Life Insurance, Metropolitan Life Insurance, Japanese-owned Zenchiku Land and Livestock, and the Mormon Church. Among the individual owners are George Gillett, who built his broadcasting, beef-packing, and real estate empire with junk bonds; billionaires David Packard and William Hewlett, of Hewlett-Packard computer fame; and J.R. Simplot, an Idaho millionaire who made his fortune supplying McDonald's with potatoes for french fries.

Who are the winners under the mining laws? Eighteen of the top 25 gold mines in the United States are either wholly owned subsidiaries of foreign companies or have at least 40 percent foreign ownership, and none pays royalties or rents on public lands, even though the total value of gold production in the United States in 1990 reached nearly $3.7 billion. Ten large mines now account for 66 percent of U.S. hardrock mineral production and 75 percent of all U.S. mineral reserves.

If the government charged the same 12.5 percent royalty on gross hardrock mineral production that it does on oil, gas, and coal leases, it could have taken in upwards of $500 million last year alone.

Still, in the long run, the greatest damage done by these antiquated laws has to do, not with money, but with quality of life. The current federal policies, while benefiting the few at the expense of the taxpayer, have left a huge percentage of America's public lands strip-mined, blighted by clearcuts, crowded by condominiums—and utterly out of public control.

Mine your own business

Back in the 19th century, when Congress debated how to distribute the country's mineral wealth, lawmakers sounded a little like Jack Kemp extolling the virtues of tenant ownership of public housing. Simply leasing lands attracted an unsavory lot— "[drawing] into the mining regions a population of vagrants, gamblers, and ruffians, excluding sober and intelligent citizens, and making the establishment of organized civil communities impossible," according to a congressional report. "Their houses were hovels and shanties."

Selling lands to be mined, on the other hand, was associated with attracting "a new class of men . . . [who] took possession . . . as the owners of the soil, brought their families with them, laid the foundations of social order, expelled the barbarians who had secured a temporary occupancy, and thus at once promoted their own welfare, the real prosperity of the country, and the financial interest of the government."

Thus began the system of "patenting," or moving public lands into private ownership. Since then, more than 1.2 million acres have passed from the public domain into private hands. The United States is the only country to have such a system for hardrock mining, and mining is the only natural-resource industry in the country that, by law, can buy public lands. In rich mining districts in Australia, Canada, and South Africa, miners can only obtain land leases or concessions for a term of anywhere from two to 20 years. These countries require mining companies to pay mineral royalties, rents, and/or severance tax. Even in the United States, oil, gas, and coal deposits are leased to companies. The federal government retains property rights.

Reasonable mining companies admit they don't need to own land in order to mine it, as long as they are assured full title to whatever minerals they find. Yet the mining law gives miners the right to stake claims just about anywhere on any federal land outside national parks, wildlife refuges, and wilderness areas—forever. A miner needs only to do $100 worth of work every year—a hefty sum a century ago—while he is in the nebulous process of discovering whether economic mineral deposits exist. That's it.

After five years of this $100-a-year "diligence" work, a miner can apply to patent a claim if he's "proved up," or found mineral deposits sufficient to make a prudent man want to develop a mine. That's where the $2.50 and $5 per acre filing fee comes in. Since the law's inception, the General Accounting Office (GAO) estimates that an area the size of Connecticut has been taken private for such prices. In a

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review of 20 patents issued since 1970, the GAO found in 1989 that the government was paid less than $4,500 for lands valued at between $13 and $47 million.

But those numbers don't touch the real loss involved when America sells off its natural resources. Today, for instance, Chevron is in the process of buying the 1,714-acre Stillwater Mine in Montana, 40 miles north of Yellowstone, for the whopping sum of $8,570. According to the nonprofit Mineral Policy Center, the platinum and palladium held there are worth an estimated $30 *billion*.

Chevron is in the process of buying Montana's Stillwater Mine for the whopping sum of $8,570. Studies show that the platinum and palladium held there are worth an estimated $30 *billion*.

Some patenters don't actually mine the land they own, but that doesn't mean they're leaving the land untrammeled. With patent in hand, you can do anything you want with your acreage. In 1990, GAO investigators found plush vacation homes on mining claims in Tahoe, Nevada, and adjacent to scenic ski resorts in Colorado; hazardous chemicals stored on a claim in the Mojave Desert in California; and marijuana farms and communes on claims in Northern California.

But risk-averse "miners" don't build; they sell. In 1983, a 160-acre mining claim in the popular ski resort of Keystone, Colorado, was patented for $400. Six years later, the owners were asking $11,000 an acre. In 1986, miners paid the government $42,500 to patent 17,000 acres of oil shale land in Colorado. Just a few weeks later, the patent holders sold them to major oil companies for $37 million.

Patenting generally favors the bigger, corporate operators because they, unlike the small miner, can afford it. These days, when nearly all easy-to-find surface mineral deposits have been mined out, proving up a claim costs a lot of money—for drilling, surveys, and lawyers. Patenting also means that bigger companies can take the time to sit on claims for years, waiting for metals prices to rise before bringing mines into production.

Yet when reformers like Senator Dale Bumpers of Arkansas and Rep. Nick Joe Rahall of West Virginia suggest ending the practice of patenting new claims, they run up against "tradition." The industry-supported American Mining Congress and lawmakers who toe their line cast themselves as the protectors of America's small miner. The reality is, except in Alaska, the number of small miners has declined in recent years. And these days their role is not necessarily to mine at all. Instead, when independent miners find something, they usually head straight to the majors, who then lease the claim from the miner for exploration.

Still, most western lawmakers become apoplectic at the mere mention of reform, predicting that mining companies will be forced out of the country. In the Senate, these same western lawmakers—like Wyoming's Malcolm Wallop, New Mexico's Pete Domenici, Idaho's Larry Craig, and Montana's Conrad Burns—have influence over the Energy and Natural Resources Committee, where reform laws would be considered. Not surprisingly, although Bumpers has been able to force two hearings on the subject, no bills or amendments have been considered that even approach the subject of revising the mining laws.

Meanwhile, domestic mining interests have been nurturing the support of key politicians. For instance, Amax Inc., a gold-mining company, contributed $22,000 to some of the Senate's staunchest protectors of large mining interests in the 1989–90 election cycle. Corporate officers and directors of Amax Gold and Amax Inc. gave nearly $10,000 more to the same folks and the Republican National Committee.

Newmont's PAC, interestingly, donated only $2,700 to Nevada and Colorado lawmakers in 1990 and $3,000 so far this year. But Newmont and several of the corporate operators in the resource business have other, probably more compelling, political ammunition in these sour economic times: jobs. Newmont employs 3,000 people in Nevada. And if that doesn't make a strong enough case for a lawmaker's undying support, Newmont has also contributed $2 million since 1987 to local schools, hospitals, and community programs—even paying for the Elko Cinderella Girls Pageant.

Cow-towing

Of course, the federal government's corporate welfare programs take care of Americans, too. In the November/December issue of *Beef Today* magazine, there's a profile of one prominent aid recipient: Alan Day, brother of Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor. The rancher runs a 160,000-acre spread in Arizona, 72 percent of which is public land. According to federal government tabulations, Day's operation has been subsidized at about $150,000 a year for the last decade.

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Day is one of about 26,000 ranchers who hold grazing permits on 300 million acres of federal land, much of which either connects pastures or lies contiguous to private ranches. While Day fervently denies he is "subsidized" by the government, fees charged under the grazing program—set up in the thirties—are kept artificially low. Although the fee takes into account the fluctuation of yearly beef and forage-value prices, oil prices, and other variables, the base number used to calculate it was set in 1965 and hasn't budged since. Thus—though western politicians hate to admit it— the federal program hasn't paid for itself in years. According to a grazing fee study by the Departments of Agriculture and Interior released this spring, public land ranchers have paid less than 25 percent of the costs of the federal grazing program over the past 10 years. Last year alone, the government lost $65 million on the program.

While western lawmakers invoke the mythic cowboy and small-time rancher to defend the subsidies, just as they do in mining, the average beneficiaries of this program aren't Hoss and Little Joe, they're Hewlett and Packard (they own the San Felipe Ranch in Mackay, Idaho). The billionaire Koch brothers, owners of Koch Industries, an independent oil concern, pay $27,000 less each year on their Matador Cattle Company ranch than if they were leasing private land. And the John Hancock company gets a break on its ranch of about $50,000 a year.

The ZX Ranch in eastern Oregon runs about 10,000 cattle and controls 672,000 acres of public land—a stretch just a tad smaller than Rhode Island. ZX managers say it "holds its own" in terms of profitability. That must be a relief for its owner, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which is now busily increasing its holdings by buying out small owners in Wyoming's Big Horn Mountains.

Met's hegemony is not uncommon. According to a 1986 Department of Interior study, an estimated 10 percent of the federal grazing permit holders controlled 91.7 percent of the land. Clearly, these grazing permit holders can afford to pay the government fair grazing fees on the public lands they use. Yet, like the mining patents, the grazing fees are western politicians' sacred Herefords. Although the antiquated grazing fee expired in 1985, President Reagan extended it by executive order after intense lobbying by western lawmakers. Senate hearings to begin discussing whether the fee is fair have yet to be scheduled.

On the House side, Oklahoma Rep. Mike Synar's bill to raise the grazing fee 400 percent over the next few years passed the House last summer, only to be killed in a "corn for porn" compromise with the Senate over funding for the National Endowment for the Arts. Synar blames party and constituent politics. "Some of the richest Republican donors are on the list of those who hold federal grazing permits," he says. "Republicans are throwing their bodies in front of the train to save their benefactors." But it's not just Republicans. Even generally pro-environment Democrats like Senators Tim Wirth and Max Baucus jumped on the western bandwagon last year when the subject of increasing grazing fees was debated.

One reason is that cattlemen, like miners, are generous donors. David Packard doled out $17,300, primarily to western lawmakers. Gillett, one of the top 10 public land ranchers in the nation, donated nearly $10,000 to westerners like Colorado Republican Senator Hank Brown. And the National Cattlemen's Association PAC, while coming nowhere near the contributions of oil and gas companies, kicked in $215,384 in the last election cycle, mostly to westerners and those who sit on committees that control public lands. (In addition, it created mock "Wanted" posters with grizzled likenesses of Synar and his allies.)

The western stonewall worked—and works. As with mining reform, no hearings have been held, and the key Energy and Natural Resources Committee has considered no bills or amendments to bring the grazing laws into the nineties. In fact, thanks to a jump in the price of diesel fuel during the Persian Gulf war, the grazing fee will actually drop next year —thus the bill for taxpayers will go up again.

Ironically, the solution to the grazing problem lies right out there in the West, alongside those intransigent ranchers. In 1988, Jim Baca, public lands commissioner in New Mexico, nearly doubled the grazing fee to fair market value on state lands, and is beginning public hearings on a proposal that would give up to a 25 percent discount to ranchers who keep public lands in good condition. New Mexico ranchers raised a ruckus when the grazing fee jumped, vowing an exodus, but since the fee raise, not one of 3,200 lease-holders has turned in a lease because of the increase.

While some extreme environmental groups call for "No Moo in '92" to end overgrazing on public lands, Baca is treading a middle path. His policies encourage "enlightened" ranchers who graze their cattle like the buffalo grazed the Great Plains: The animals graze in a pack, which cultivates the soil, and are rotated to different pastures every few days to allow new grass to grow. "The federal government has to realize that there is a way of getting a more sustainable economy . . . and keeping the quality of life out West," Baca says.

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As for mining? While westerners have traditionally been distrustful of all things foreign, this is a case in which America has a lot to learn from Australia, Canada, and South Africa, the other big mining countries. Their governments charge anywhere from 2.5 to 12 percent in rents and royalties for extracting hardrock minerals from government-owned lands. Miners are allowed to explore on claims for no longer than 10 or 20 years and the lands *never* go private. Has that hurt those countries? In Australia, each province has its own system of charging rents and royalties. Queensland, for example, takes 5 percent of all profits over $30,000. Still, gold production nationwide quadrupled between 1984 and 1988. Miners go where the ore is, even if they have to pay a little more to get it.

Still, those ideas are just a start. Real reform would require an even more substantial commitment by Congress and the federal government to resist appeasement of industry and adopt long-term economic and environmental planning for the West. The next steps should be:

➤Consistent land use decisions. Before any land is given over to mining or ranching, its undisturbed value must be weighed. This is unavoidably subjective, but decisions should require public involvement, not just cozy negotiations between corporations and the feds.

➤Resource extraction under long-term lease, not sale. Rent should be set by open auction so that alternate uses will compete. Mining companies could still prospect and make temporary claims, but they would pay the market value to mine. Speculatory claim-sitting would be discouraged by a rapidly escalating rent on claims.

➤Rents that cover at least the expected costs of administration, roads, and other government subsidies.

➤Restoration requirements. Once leases have expired, land and the water that flows over and through it must be restored to pre-mined (or grazed) condition. Extraction companies should be compelled to make a financial guarantee, such as a bond, to cover the likely cost of this work.

➤Citizens' rights to sue for judicial review of government agencies' land use decisions.

Resources in the West have always been considered "gifts from God," free to those with enough gumption to extract them. But as the West has changed, so have the nation's priorities. After an era committed to manifest destiny and domesticating the frontier, we now need politicians with the gumption to enact new laws to help us preserve both the land and a hard-won way of life—instead of the fortunes of Hewletts, Packards, insurance companies, and foreign conglomerates. □

The Washington Monthly

JOURNALISM AWARD

FOR APRIL 1992 IS PRESENTED TO

Michael Moss and Joseph W. Queen
Newsday

When New York City's Port Authority unveiled its $3.2 billion plan to renovate Kennedy Airport seven years ago, it seemed as though no detail was overlooked: JFK 2000, designed in part by celebrated architect I.M. Pei, would include new terminals, a monorail, baggage tunnels, "people movers," and much more. The only detail the Port Authority apparently neglected was how to pay for it—an oversight that has now cost the financially strapped city tens of millions of dollars.

The original plan called for each of the airlines housed at JFK to pitch in to pay for the facelift. But the airlines, facing financial problems of their own, refused to foot the bill. TWA even threatened to sue the Port Authority if forced to contribute. Nonetheless, the Port Authority forged ahead, spending freely on the project. By 1990, according to records unearthed by Moss and Queen, the Port Authority had already poured more than $100 million into projects such as a quarter-mile-long, now abandoned baggage tunnel and a $56 million parking garage that has sat virtually empty for more than a year. The response from a Port Authority official to the useless tunnel: "We're looking for uses. . . . If we can do something with it, we will." (One idea is to fill it with chilled water to help cool the terminals above.) In the meantime, crying poverty, the Port Authority last April raised the tolls at six city bridges and tunnels by 33 percent.

The Monthly Journalism Award is presented each month to the best newspaper, magazine, television, or radio story (or series of stories) on our political system. Nominations for any newspaper, magazine, or radio or television station in the country are welcome. The subject can be government in its federal, state, or municipal manifestation. Please send nominations to Monthly Journalism Award, 1611 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20009. Two copies of the article or broadcast text should accompany the nomination.

Nominations for stories published or aired in July will close August 15. Nominations for stories published or aired in August will close September 15. The July winner will be announced in the October issue and the August winner will be announced in the November issue.

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An American Melting Plot

Why whine about our increasing class segregation? Let's end it

by Mickey Kaus

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asked themselves, I think, they would probably discover they're actually after social equality —equality of dignity, of the way we treat each other in everyday life.

The point is that money equality isn't the only factor that determines social equality, and it may not be the crucial one. More important, perhaps, are the social attitudes and institutions that determine how much weight the money variable has. But if that's true, why spend all our energies trying to twiddle the dial that produces greater or lesser money inequality? An equally promising approach would focus on changing those attitudes and institutions that translate money differences, however large or small, into invidious social differences.

This is the Civic Liberal alternative. Confronted with vast disparities of wealth, it attempts, not to redistribute wealth "progressively," but to circumscribe wealth's power—to prevent money inequality from translating into social inequality. The primary way it does this is through social institutions that create a second, noneconomic sphere of life—a public, community sphere—where money doesn't "talk," where the principles of the marketplace (i.e., rich beats poor) are replaced by the principle of equality of citizenship. As the pre-1989 Eastern European champions of "civil society" tried to carve out a social space free of communist domination, so Civic Liberals would carve out a space free of capitalist domination, of domination by wealth.

The foundation of this community sphere in the United States is, of course, the political institution of democracy. There the marketplace stops, and the rule is not "one dollar, one vote" but "one citizen, one vote." The same principle applies to other important components of our community life, such as public schools, libraries, highways, parks, and the military draft. Each of these institutions attempts to treat all citizens, rich and poor, with equal dignity. They are especially valuable parts of the public sphere because, in contrast with the rather formal and abstract equality of voting, they require rich and poor to actually rub shoulders with each other as equals. So do many other, less obvious but important institutions such as museums and post offices, even parades and softball leagues.

Now, you can argue that money "talks" in our democracy, too, and that it talks even louder these days as politicians depend more and more upon rich donors to fund their increasingly expensive campaigns. Meanwhile, the affluent and the poor no longer rub shoulders in the public schools of even small cities, as the middle class flees to its suburban enclaves or else abandons public education entirely. In bigger cities, the everyday experience of public life in streets, parks, subways, and libraries has been ruined by crime, incivility, and neglect. The draft has been replaced by a volunteer army that the rich can simply avoid.

But these are precisely the sort of things with which Civic Liberalism concerns itself. Instead of worrying about distributing and redistributing income, it worries about rebuilding, preserving, and strengthening community institutions in which income is irrelevant, about preventing their corruption by the forces of the market. It tries to reduce the influence of money in politics, to revive the public schools as a common experience, to restore the draft. And it searches for new institutions that could enlarge the sphere of egalitarian community life.

Not all components of the public sphere have deteriorated in the late twentieth century. The jury system, for example, still brings disparate members of the community together, if

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only occasionally, in a way that often convinces those who serve that common sense isn't a function of income or race. More generally, the courts still treat a Michael Milken or Leona Helmsley with an inspiring lack of deference. But other institutions have not been so hardy. Let's start with the institution that has deteriorated most dramatically: the military.

There are perfectly good military reasons for replacing the current all-volunteer force (AVF). Some of these reasons are related to social equality. The Gulf war proved that the egalitarian objections to an AVF become loudest at the worst time, just as the prospect of combat and death looms. At the very moment we were trying to intimidate Saddam Hussein in the winter of 1990–91, our country was split by a debate over whether the rich would bear their fair share of the fighting. The only reason the controversy wasn't crippling may have been that the battle turned out to be short, with few casualties on our side.

There are other, more technical problems with the AVF that have less to do with egalitarianism, such as the fact that the pool of young men from which we must buy our volunteers is shrinking (from 8.6 million men aged 18 to 21 in 1981 to an estimated 6.6 million in 1995). But the main justification for a draft remains moral. Volunteer-army advocates rely on the logic of the private sphere, in which everything, even soldiers' lives, is convertible into cash. If some young Americans are freely willing to go into battle for $25,000 a year—well, it's a deal. ("You took the money, now shut up and die," as former Navy Secretary James Webb caricatured the argument during the Iraq crisis.) But it is one thing for society to pay people to pick up its garbage and drive buses. It's another to pay them to risk their necks in battle. If dying in combat isn't outside the economic sphere, what is? The draft is the most natural and—again, because it involves the risk of death—most potent, arena of democratic experience. It doesn't only break down class barriers for a couple of years; it breaks them down for life, in part by giving all who serve a network of military acquaintances that crosses class lines. Even Henry Kissinger used to hang out with his old Army buddies.

A democratic draft is hardly a bold, idealistic step into the future. It's something America has done before. To reinstate it, we don't need new taxes or new leaders—simply a new law.

True, thanks to communism's collapse, the military will only need about 11 percent of America's draft-age men by 1995. But, however modest the manpower needs of the military, a draft is the most socially egalitarian way of meeting them. Even if only 11 percent of men in the upper, middle, and lower classes served—and all the others had to think about serving—it would do more to promote social equality than all the "transfer payments" liberals might conceivably legislate.

Genuine draft

Yet it would be even more effective to involve more than 11 percent, and more than just men—to make the military part of a broader scheme of national service, including civilian service. Here is an idea that separates Civic Liberals from those with other priorities.

"At the age of 18, you should be focusing on your dreams and ambitions, not picking up cans in Yellowstone," sniffs Republican Jack Kemp. For social egalitarians, however, national service is valuable precisely because it would force Americans to pause in their disparate career trajectories and immerse themselves in a common, public enterprise. It is the draft in a weaker dose, more widely dispensed.

The notion of national service was revived in the eighties—to no apparent effect. Universal service was endorsed by Gary Hart, who predicted it "might be the biggest issue" of the decade. Senator Sam Nunn and Rep. Dave McCurdy introduced legislation that would have made federal student aid contingent on one or two years of service. (The Nunn-McCurdy bill went nowhere when the education establishment realized it would supplant existing loan programs.) William F. Buckley distinguished himself from most on the right by calling for a service scheme that would enroll 80 percent of America's youth by means of various "inducements" and "sanctions." Buckley's proposal, too, went nowhere.

For Civic Liberals the overriding goal, of course, is class-mixing. This helps clarify the sort of national service program we're talking about. For example, it excludes Job Corps-type programs designed to help salvage underclass kids through elaborate vocational training. The more national service "targets" the poor, the less it will be seen as a duty for all classes. Nor is the Civic Liberal test of success whether national service participants become less selfish. It's simply whether a large cross section of the population winds up serving together under conditions of equality.

Purely voluntary programs fail to meet this test; the ambitious sons and daughters of upper-class families simply don't sign up. Some national service advocates (like Buckley) nevertheless hope that "incentives" of various sorts might subtly induce participation by the rich. But such financial inducements can still be easily ignored by the wealthy. The only way to guarantee class-mixing is to make national service mandatory. That requires the threat of a

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penalty harsh enough to be coercive. It could be jail. It could also be a heavy monetary penalty that judges could tailor to fit the financial circumstances of any refuseniks—though it would have to be a potential fine of hundreds of thousands, perhaps even millions, of dollars if it were going to guarantee the participation of the truly wealthy.

A mandatory service scheme would enlist a lot of people—3 to 4 million a year, assuming the plan targeted young men and women of draft age. What would they be doing? Here again, it matters that social equality is the main goal. If we see national service mainly as an antidote to the "culture of selfishness," then the grungier the work, the better. Cleaning up mud slides is just the thing to teach incipient yuppies a thing or two. But the Civic Liberal imperative is to mix the classes, not to beat the selfishness out of them. National service jobs could be enjoyable, even career-enhancing. What's important is that they have a heterogeneous, communal aspect.

How much solidarity is there in cashing a government benefit check? Rich and poor don't even cash them in the same places.

There are plenty of worthy tasks that fit this bill. Care for the infirm elderly is probably the most pressing need. Buckley notes that between 125,000 and 300,000 older Americans now living in nursing homes could move back into the "normal community" if there were enough workers to assist them with their daily chores. Those who are incapable of leaving nursing homes often lead lives of brutal loneliness—but the cost of professional attendants is simply too great for the vast majority of American families to bear by themselves.

In strict economic terms, national service is almost surely an inefficient way to help these lonely, old and ill Americans. It would be cheaper (once you count the "opportunity costs" of forgoing all the other things the servers could be doing with their time) to raise taxes to pay for a lot of nurses and handholders. But national service lets us do something in addition to providing services. It allows us to carve out a part of life where the market is negated, where common, nonmarket values that even conservatives like Buckley invoke—fellowship, solidarity, and social equality—can flourish.

There are other needs almost as critical: tutoring the illiterate and semiliterate, helping maintain or patrol public spaces, sorting library books, perhaps assisting in the care of preschool children in day care. As long as the tasks are class-mixing and valuable, a national service would be free to do whatever work the market, for one reason or another, cannot do—whether that work is grungy or exhilarating, and whether or not the government could do it more cheaply some other way.

Unfortunately, an emphasis on the most useful work puts national service on a collision course with public employee unions, which see young draftees as threats to their jobs (the same reason they also fear a WPA-style guaranteed jobs program). The more useful the work, the greater the chance some union member is already doing it.

One solution is to restrict national service to a few concrete tasks of proven utility and practicality. "There are four or five jobs we clearly know how to train kids to do," says Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, who runs a student service organization for the state of Maryland. Her list: teachers' aides, police aides, nurses' aides, a rural "conservation corps" to clean up the environment, plus a similar corps to repair and maintain urban public spaces. Put those together and you probably have enough jobs to keep several million young people usefully employed at a time.

The final question facing any mandatory national service scheme is how to integrate it with the military. That's trickier than you might think. The armed forces, as noted, need only a small fraction of those eligible to serve. What's more, they require stints of service lasting at least two years (otherwise training costs become too high). Requiring two years of civilian service seems a bit much. But one year of civilian service could hardly be treated as the equivalent of two years in the army.

Clearly, military service should count as the fulfillment of any service requirement. Beyond that, young Americans could be given a choice of military or civilian service—but the military's wages would have to be set much higher to compensate for the greater risks and longer tour of duty. Because the rich would be less tempted by such financial incentives than the nonrich, the result would probably be class division, with the military disproportionately poor

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and the affluent opting to avoid the perils of potential combat.

A better approach, for social egalitarians, would combine universal service with conscription. Teenagers would first be subject to a military draft, with no civilian alternative. If they escaped in the draft lottery, they'd have to do a year of civilian service. This hybrid draft/service setup might well be perceived as fairer than any attempt to allow more freedom of choice at the expense of universal exposure to military risks. Rich and poor teenagers would take their chances in the draft together. If chosen, they would serve together for two years. If they weren't chosen, they would still serve together as civilians for one year.

This sort of service scheme is the most intrusive Civic Liberal strategy; it would interrupt the lives of all Americans. But precisely because it is intrusive, it holds out the possibility of doing for everyone what Joseph Epstein, editor of *The American Scholar*, remembers the peacetime draft did for him: "[I]t jerked me free, if only for a few years, from the social class in which I have otherwise spent nearly all my days. It jerked everyone free. . . ."

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Doctored results

Given the continuing threats to social equality, Civic Liberals can hardly be satisfied with restoring the public sphere where it has deteriorated. They need to seize on new possibilities to expand it. Of all the potential new egalitarian institutions on the horizon, the biggest involves the provision of health care.

Health isn't a good like other goods. If somebody can't afford a car, we're willing to say, well, he doesn't have a car. But if a man who can't afford medical care is bleeding on the sidewalk, we are going to provide him with it one way or another, at public expense if necessary. As with the draft, the issue is life or death.

Of course, saying health care should be available to everyone doesn't necessarily mean it must be available in equal measure, or that the experience of getting it will necessarily be one that mixes classes. But the goal of universal coverage offers a solid base for building a potent democratic institution. We know it cements social equality to have Americans attend the same schools and serve in the same army. What effect would it have if they used the same doctors? The experience might not be as intense as school or service, but it would be repeated throughout a person's life.

Certainly universal health insurance seems to play a major socially equalizing role in Western Europe, where every country has some sort of universal national health plan. In most of them, the plan's egalitarianism is a source of fierce national pride. When everyone uses the same system, it not only reinforces "solidarity," it also ensures the quality of care. Upper-middle-class Americans will not tolerate bad treatment for very long (just as they wouldn't have tolerated the Vietnam war if their sons had been drafted).

In the United States, we have a patchwork system that, rather than putting everyone in the same boat, puts different groups in different boats and lets some fall in between. At the bottom, Medicaid covers only about 42 percent of the poor, mainly those on welfare or other mothers with young children. At the top, the revenue code heavily subsidizes generous employer-paid health plans by not counting them as income (a $40 billion tax break). Falling between boats are those who are unemployed, self-employed, or whose employers don't have a company plan. They are left to fend for themselves, to buy private insurance (with

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after-tax dollars). Between 31 and 37 million people in this group aren't insured at all, and that number has been growing. But if Americans reach the magic age of 65, they can relax. They qualify for Medicare, which will cover most of their bills.

It's not necessarily true that the more "socialized" a system is, the better it satisfies the demands of social equality. The British, German, and Canadian systems all currently meet the goal. The "socialized" British system allows those with money to purchase private insurance, but that doesn't undermine class-mixing because most of the private insurance merely supplements the national health system, where the most advanced, high-tech medicine is still practiced. Only about 10 percent of the population uses the private system (though that percentage is growing).

Germany also manages to include about 90 percent of its population in a single system. The Germans do this by the simple expedient of requiring 75 percent of the population to join one of several "statutory sickness funds." Those with incomes above a certain threshold can opt out, but once they've done so, they can never opt back in. Not surprisingly, most remain with their assigned funds. The system's motto might be, "We have ways of making you stay." An even simpler, more effective strategy can be found in Canada, where it is flat-out illegal to buy basic private health insurance. Canadian waiting rooms mix virtually 100 percent of the population.

But less sweeping plans are less likely to achieve this objective. Senator Edward Kennedy's patchwork employer-based insurance scheme, in particular, looks like a loser for social equality. Medicaid and Medicare would still exist, probably with differential standards of care. Some employers would still provide lavish, fee-for-service insurance; some would consign their employees to spartan HMOs. Taxpayers (most of whom would already be covered, one way or another) probably wouldn't want to pay for much in the way of gap-filling last-resort insurance. We'd still have a system in which different classes report to different waiting rooms.

Even under the most promising plans, the crunch for Civic Liberalism will come when attempts to control the overall cost of health care force some method of rationing ever-more expensive medical procedures. What happens when affluent Americans—*increasingly* affluent Americans—are faced with this rationing? They will not calmly take their place in the queue for CAT scanners or proton-beam accelerators or artificial hearts. They will go outside the "universal" system and pay more money to get the expensive technology they want.

The temptation will be to let them, with the result of producing a two-tier health system of elaborate care for the affluent and basic care for everyone else. A Civic Liberal strategy would require regulations, such as those in Germany, making it unappealing to opt out of the "universal" system. At the very least a heavy tax disincentive will be necessary. The goal would only be to make enough (say, 90 percent) of the populace use the public sphere's waiting rooms. It's one thing, Civic Liberals could argue, for the rich to be able to buy the nicest cars, or the houses with the nicest views. It's another thing to make it easy for money to buy life itself.

Kids or cash?

Health care isn't the only new public sphere possibility. Day care is another service with impressive potential for growth. The debate over day care has been between those (mainly Democrats) who want to encourage communal day care centers and those (like President Bush) who would simply give cash to parents with preschool kids and let the parents decide whether to use the money to buy day care. Civic Liberals would tend to favor communal centers. Indeed, day care is a public sphere institution offering a unique escape from the tyranny of suburban class-segregation. Unlike schools, day care centers can be conveniently located near places of work rather than near homes. And poor preschool children aren't nearly as threatening to upper-middle-class parents as, say, poor adolescents. Locate the day care centers near work, and let the toddlers of secretaries mix with the toddlers of bank presidents. Let their parents worry together and visit together.

A range of other government institutions—museums, post offices, libraries—at least potentially reinforce social equality by providing services to all citizens. There is an important distinction to be made here—one typically ignored by American admirers of European social democracies—between provision of such common services and the provision of cash. With "in-kind, universal" services, Robert Kuttner notes, people of all classes actually meet and interact with each other and with those doing the servicing. They wait together, flirt, swap sob stories and advice, save each other's place in line, keep an eye on each other's kids. The "middle class is . . . reminded that poor people are human," Kuttner writes. This is the stuff of social equality.

But none of these virtues is evident when all the government does is send out checks—even if, as liberals typically recommend, benefits go to the middle class and rich as well as the poor. Recipients receive their benefit checks in isolation. The cash is spent, and is intended to be spent, in the private, money sphere. No communal experience is involved. On the

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contrary, the recipient's attention is focused more intensely on the importance of money and what it can buy. How much solidarity is there in cashing a check? Rich and poor don't even cash them in the same places.

Out at third

Civic Liberalism would also recognize and protect the social-egalitarian power of class-mixing institutions that are technically in the "private sector." Particularly important are casual gathering places like taverns, coffee houses, and drug stores. Ray Oldenburg calls these "third places" because they offer an alternative to the other two main sites of our lives—home and work. One essential characteristic of a good third place is that it is accessible to people of all income levels; as Oldenburg puts it, "Worldly status claims must be checked at the door in order that all within remain equals." In the mid-seventeenth century, he points out, coffee houses were actually called "levelers" because they mixed the various classes in a way unheard of in the old feudal order.

It's easy to underestimate the significance of such unpretentious institutions. But they embody much of what Americans feel they've lost since the move from small towns—the general store, the pharmacy soda fountain of *It's a Wonderful Life*, the neighborhood bar romanticized on "Cheers."

The decline of those "private" democratic places is bound up in the process of suburbanization. Zoning changes that allow coffee shops, stores, and taverns to locate near residences, instead of in single-purpose commercial strips, would help. Still, it would be hard for even a nearby neighborhood tavern to mix classes in a neighborhood that is itself segregated by class. Fully restoring third places as class-mixing institutions will have to await the success of longer-term strategies to integrate the suburbs by income, as well as by race.

But some privately operated enterprises that are part of our public life don't rely on class-mixing at the neighborhood level. Organized professional sports are an obvious example. Going to a major league baseball game remains one of the few enjoyable experiences shared at the same time, in the same place, by people of various classes—one reason it's considered so precious. But even the democratic aspects of spectator sports are threatened by a number of recent developments. Attending a ball game has become a distinctly less egalitarian experience, for example, with the unfortunate invention of the tax-deductible corporate "skybox." Team owners now routinely demand stadium renovations that enable them to maximize the square-footage devoted to the rich. Another inegalitarian development is cable television, which allows broadcasters to restrict spectatorship to those who can afford to subscribe. In 1987, most New York Yankee home games were available only on cable. The result was a tremendous protest and a threat of congressional action, in part because large sections of New York—the poorer sections—weren't even wired for cable.

In general, the decline of network broadcasting (and the advent of demographically targeted "narrowcasting" on cable) should disturb social egalitarians. Network TV is often awful, but it once had the virtue of giving all Americans a common, classless set of cultural experiences. As the network audience share declines (it's fallen from 92 percent to 64 percent), that is increasingly no longer true. Instead of everybody watching Milton Berle, young professionals watch the Arts & Entertainment Network while the less cultured tune in to "Married with Children."

But once the egalitarian importance of these private institutions is acknowledged, Civic Liberals will be able to take steps to halt their deterioration. The tax deduction for stadium skyboxes and season tickets could be completely eliminated, for example—not on economic grounds, but on social-egalitarian grounds. Television coverage of sporting events could be regulated to keep it universal, preventing cable companies from buying the rights and then broadcasting only to the cable-ready affluent. If necessary, the sports franchises themselves could be regulated, purchased by municipalities, or even seized by eminent domain. If the TV networks collapse completely, the government could establish a BBC-style network, less snooty than the current Public Broadcasting System, with a preferred spot on the broadcast spectrum nationwide. These may seem like relatively small things, compared with the draft or national health care. But they matter.

The point isn't that the Civic Liberal reforms suggested above would ensure social equality. That will require something more. The point is that once we set out to rebuild the public sphere, we can make fairly large improvements fairly expeditiously. It requires nothing we haven't done ourselves in the past—or that we can't copy, with appropriate modifications, from other democratic capitalist nations. We can frame our obligations so that rich and poor Americans serve the nation together. We did that in World War II. We did it in the fifties. We can have a society in which the various classes use the same subways and drop off their kids at the same day care centers and run into each other at the post office. We don't have to equalize incomes or make incomes "more equal" or even stop incomes from getting more unequal to do these things. We just have to do them. □

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TIDBITS & OUTRAGES

A DOMESTIC POLICY FOR THE AGES
When Victoria Clarke, George Bush's campaign press secretary, was asked why Bush had not traveled more often to urban areas, she replied, "They hadn't had riots, I guess."

"I COULD HAVE DONE IT FASTER, BUT THERE WERE ALL THESE WORDS IN BETWEEN."
A psychology professor at the University of California-San Diego has spent the past four years studying the rates at which people say "um," "er," and "uh."

NEXT MONTH: PREVENT LIP CANCER WITH M&MS
After the Princeton Dental Resource Center's newsletter claimed that chocolate might be as beneficial for your teeth as apples, *The New York Times* revealed that the center is funded by Mars Inc., a major manufacturer of chocolate candies. The newsletter did not mention the connection.

"IT WAS JUST A FRIENDLY PAT ON THE BACK."
In a recent interview, Laurence Powell, one of the LAPD officers accused in the Rodney King case, stated, "I never harbored any personal malice toward Mr. King."

THE CASE FOR THE RIOTS I
According to the *Los Angeles Times*, in the past year, the L.A. County Transportation Commission spent $6,000 on doughnuts and the L.A. County Board of Supervisors bought one of its members a $74,000 armored car.

THE CASE FOR THE RIOTS II
The *Los Angeles Times* also reported that despite spending $500,000 on an advertising campaign to convince citizens to drink tap water, the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power provides bottled water to many of its employees. In addition, the L.A. DWP incurred a $333,407 penalty because it failed to put $3.40 worth of postage on a property tax payment.

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WHO'S WHO

This special edition of Who's Who, by Christopher Georges and Clara Bingham, peeks inside the Clinton and Bush campaigns. Susan Threadgill will return in September, but before she left on vacation she told us that there is a Scarlet Letter in the past of one of the top members of Perot's camp. This news should provide an interesting test of Perot's character. Will he use it to justify a witch hunt or to demonstrate that he can forgive and forget?

If you're enough of a political junkie to be reading this column, you probably already know that it was Clinton Campaign Chairman **Mickey Kantor** who was rushed to New Hampshire in the wake of **Gennifer Flowers**' allegations to rescue the campaign from the political brink. Chances are also good that you know that Clinton and one of his top policy gurus, **Robert Reich**, studied together at Oxford as Rhodes scholars the same year—and even resided in the same college. You may even have heard that almost all of Clinton's top aides are political classmates of his from the 1972 **McGovern** campaign.

So we'll spare you the rehash on the campaign bigwigs and get to the folks you rarely hear about—but who have a lot more to do with how America sees and hears **Bill Clinton** on a day-to-day basis. Their job is a tough one: to bring some life to Clinton's ailing campaign.

In the trenches are a core of about half a dozen young staffers. Informally led by the precocious **George Stephanopoulos**, 31, who essentially oversees both the policy and communications shops, the team plays a key role in determining how Clinton will appear on the all-important evening news. Stephanopoulos and his friends sprint from one fire to another, whipping up the daily soundbite, drumming up new policy ideas, thinking of how to win free media time—in general, trying to get America to pay attention to what Bill Clinton has to say. And when opponents take a swipe at Clinton, it's their job to think of how to swipe back. In New Hampshire, for example, it was Stephanopoulos's unit that gathered in a motel room in the wake of the Gennifer Flowers allegations and conjured up the "Comeback Kid" strategy designed to make Clinton appear as the underdog. (It worked.) A more recent coup was Clinton's sax-playing performance on the "**Arsenio Hall** Show."

Not that these kids run a tight ship. More often than not, explains one campaign staffer, the Clinton machine is a world of controlled chaos. "This is definitely a cacophony, not a choir," he says, apparently unable to slip out of soundbite mode even when describing his own work. "Occasionally we'll hit a pure note, but more often it's chords."

Here's an instance of Stephanopoulos' team in action: In the March days that led up to the New York primary, Clinton, fresh off his "didn't inhale" remark, was sinking in the local polls and taking a beating from the New York press. **Jerry Brown**, still gaining strength, had swung a sought-after appearance on the irreverent **Don Imus** morning drive-time radio show, the most popular radio program in the New York market. At the last minute, however, Brown pulled out of the Imus appearance, opting instead to do NBC's "Today" show. Clinton deputy **Robert Boorstin**, who was with Clinton in New York, teamed up with **Rick Kaplan**, a former TV producer and adviser to the campaign; **Susan Thomases**, a friend of both Clinton and Imus; and consultant **Mandy Grunwald** to cash in on Brown's blunder. Imus, fuming over the Brown snub, agreed to talk to Clinton. Knowing the risk involved in appearing on the show (Imus mixes the caustic with the vicious), the message team drilled Clinton on how to deal with the super-snide radio host. A couple of one-liners were planned (one allowing Clinton to explain that he took up playing the sax because it's one instrument where you don't have to inhale) and the appearance was a hit. "**Bubba** was good," Imus said, recalling Clinton's appearance. "He's a delightful object of ridicule." In fact, the pundits back in D.C. credited the appearance with swinging the momentum Clinton's way, allowing him to escape New York respectably.

Alongside Stephanopoulos are **Bruce Reed** and **Paul Begala**. Reed, deputy campaign manager for policy, has been the point man thus far in assembling Clinton's detailed policy agenda. Begala, meanwhile, has served as a chief speechwriter working with Stephanopoulos to mix the broad message with the specific policy.

Both Stephanopoulos and Boorstin, 32, toed the line as aides to the Dukakis campaign four years ago. Congenial and already a skilled television spokesman, Stephanopoulos jumped from a key position on House Majority Leader **Richard Gephardt**'s staff to Clinton's campaign last year when it became clear that Gephardt would not make a run for the Democratic nomination. Of Stephanopoulos' many roles in the campaign, perhaps the most important is filtering ideas for the candidate, whether from senators calling to offer advice or from insiders like consultant **James Carville**. Stephanopoulos, a philosophy major at Columbia University and later a Rhodes scholar, first learned the art of manufacturing soundbites as a message-meister for Dukakis; he also worked on Dukakis' opposition research team (which makes him doubly useful to Clinton this time around). Insiders say that Stephanopoulos, with his ever-cool demeanor, is also a calming influence on the candidate.

Boorstin, who by the time he was 28 had already accumulated a career's worth of journalism experience (he was president of *The Harvard Crimson* and later worked for *Newsweek* and *The New York Times*), wrote speeches for vice presidential nominee **Geraldine Ferraro** eight years ago and also did communications for the Dukakis effort. In addition to attempting to shape the dry policy ideas that come from the issues staff into useful political weapons, Boorstin is constantly exhorting his coworkers to action, serving as a sparkplug around campaign headquarters. Yet insiders say his aggressive, take-control style has also managed to offend some of the candidate's oldest friends, who have constantly offered advice to the campaign.

Stephanopoulos and Boorstin link Clinton to his economic policy director, **Gene Sperling**, 32. Aside from his eco-

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nomics background, Sperling, who was lured to Little Rock in June from the policy staff of New York Governor **Mario Cuomo**, also brings to the campaign expertise on the abortion issue, having served as a policy adviser to **Kate Michelman** of the National Abortion Rights Action League. Sperling is another veteran of the Dukakis campaign, where he first met up with Stephanopoulos and Boorstin. It's also where he rekindled his working relationship with Robert Reich, a policy mentor of Sperling's and Clinton's longtime friend. Sperling four years ago was most noted for helping develop one of Dukakis' more successful policy initiatives: a plan designed to pay for any student's college education in return for a commitment to perform two years of national service. The plan has resurfaced this election as Clinton's domestic G.I. bill. Sperling's recruitment may also have been an attempt to help bridge the gap between the two factions battling for control of Clinton's policy agenda—the more conservative advisers from the Democratic Leadership Council (such as **Al From** and **Robert Shapiro**) and the more left-leaning types (such as Reich and **Derek Shearer**).

Just days after he joined the Clinton staff last month, Sperling was deputized by Clinton to help develope the policy behind the candidate's "100-day legislative agenda," a sweeping plan that the Clinton team hopes will convince voters that their man is the true agent of change.

Rounding out the team is **Nancy Soderberg**, 34, a foreign and defense policy expert who has spent more than seven years on Capitol Hill as a key aide to Senator **Edward Kennedy**. Soderberg has carved out a reputation as one of the more respected foreign policy experts on the Hill. The Clinton campaign marks Soderberg's third presidential campaign (she also worked for **Walter Mondale** and Dukakis).

While the message makers take care of the day-to-day crises, the next level of advisers, the consultants, is led by **James Carville**, 47. These consultants are the Roger Aileses of the Clinton campaign—folks who make a living getting politicians elected but don't necessarily help them govern. Their mission is to sculpt the longer-term strategy —whether or not to attack **Ross Perot**, whether to stress job creation or health care, how to translate the most recent poll results into a political ad, and how, to borrow a phrase of their own, to "define" their candidate. Carville's gang generally provides the political outline and leaves it to the message team to fill in the details. Again, just a handful of advisers call the shots. Working with Carville are consultants **Stanley Greenberg**, **Mandy Grunwald**, and **Frank Greer**. It was Greer, by the way, who helped mastermind **Douglas Wilder**'s 1990 gubernatorial victory. Carville relies heavily on Begala, who also serves as a link between Stephanopoulos' message crowd and the consultants.

It was this team, for example, that encouraged Clinton to counterattack when **Paul Tsongas** started throwing the "Pander Bear" barbs his way as the campaign moved south in the weeks after the New Hampshire primary. And it is this team that has decided that Clinton should lay off Perot (at least for now) and instead let the Texas millionaire and the Texas billionaire battle it out between themselves.

Carville, who was recruited by Clinton fresh from engineering **Harris Wofford**'s upset victory over **Richard Thornburgh** in the 1991 Pennsylvania Senate race, is often likened to **Lee Atwater**, the magician of Bush's '88 campaign and a consummate man of the people. A former Marine, middle school teacher, and lawyer, Carville prefers blue jeans to the pin-striped suits of politics. Louisiana native Carville is also known for his personal eccentricities, such as refusing to change his underwear in the final week of a winning campaign for fear of arresting the good momentum. Also fond of jumping up on tables to make a point, he is described by a campaign coworker with the phrase, "If a tornado could talk. . . ." And then there's his unlikely love affair with **Mary Matalin**, the deputy political director of Bush's reelection campaign. Although Carville says the relationship is on hold until November, it prompted Bush aide **Robert Teeter** to take a jab at Carville in a recent encounter: "Bush has got your girlfriend," Teeter reportedly told Carville, "and Perot has got your voters."

Carville was a key player in planning Bill and Hillary's "60 Minutes" state-of-their-union response to the Flowers allegations in January (he was reportedly moved to tears during the taping). He also devised the counterattack when the story about Clinton's ROTC letter broke. Coworkers say he has an uncanny knack for being able to decipher exactly which issues middle America cares most about. He says he prefers *USA Today* to *The New York Times* and claims to base his political strategies on conversations he overhears at K-Mart.

He is also feared by his opponents for his bloodthirsty tactics: In 1988, for example, he headed New Jersey Senator **Frank Lautenberg**'s reelection campaign against strong challenger **Pete Dawkins**. Carville devised a game plan that targeted Dawkins as a carpetbagger who had moved to New Jersey a year before the election just to compete for the Senate seat. In one Carville-inspired ad, Dawkins was pictured effusing about how much he loved New Jersey and saying he was not a carpetbagger. The ad closed with a narrator saying, "C'mon Pete. Be real."

Carville has also been credited with turning Wofford, a classic liberal Democrat who was a top official in the Peace Corps under **John F. Kennedy**, into an economic populist, shaping his campaign around the issue of health care. Wofford, who was 44 points behind Thornburgh at the outset of the campaign, won by 10 percent. Likewise, Carville pushes Clinton toward issues he feels people care about on a daily basis—education, say, rather than abortion—and has tried to raise the Clinton campaign's stock with the middle class as opposed to special interests.

While Clinton is far from 44 points back, the upcoming battle for Carville and Clinton's whiz kids looks just as daunting. Perhaps the only good news is that if they fall short, they're still young enough to try again in '96.

—*Christopher Georges is an editor of* The Washington Monthly.

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WHO'S WHO

When **George Bush** looks around for second-term talent, his eye will surely fall on the "Grady Bunch," a group of young, energetic deputies whose names are still unknown outside the pages of policy-wonk weeklies. They are thirtysomething, moderate Republicans, many of whom got their start with the Reagan Revolution, then came of age in the Bush White House. Now, after a decade of seasoning, they will be indispensable to an administration that hopes to polish for the history books its final chapter on education, health care, and the economy.

Bush likes to tap hardworking second bananas for top jobs. To fill first-term vacancies at the heads of Justice and Transportation, the president looked past high-profile candidates in favor of deputies like **William Barr** and **Andrew Card**. Bush, at 68, needs the energy and vitality of upstarts like Office of Management and Budget Deputy **Bob Grady**, **Quayle** Chief of Staff **William Kristol**, State Department counselor **Bob Zoellick**, Commerce Undersecretary for International Trade **Mike Farren**, and Health and Human Services Deputy Secretary **Kevin Moley**. And if conventional wisdom proves right, they will emerge as the stars of a staffing scenario termed the "Deputy Coup."

Meanwhile, inside the West Wing, Chief of Staff **Sam Skinner** will be lucky to keep his job through November. Skinner is under attack by the Bush campaign as well as by his own people, many of whom don't believe he has the authority or the smarts to get things done. Skinner proves once again that the administration's only consistent message might well be: "It's not whether you win or lose, but how you lay the blame." One White House aide, sounding a note of nostalgia for the departed **John Sununu**, says, "We need a chief who everyone is afraid of."

Still, some water-cooler talk at the White House has it that Skinner will survive, but that his deputy, former Louisiana representative **Henson Moore**, may be sent to the Energy Department, where he would replace Admiral **James Watkins** as secretary. Zoellick, a "Grady Bunch" favorite of **James Baker**, would leave his job as undersecretary of state for economic and agricultural affairs to fill in for Moore, whose star has fallen even lower than Skinner's at the West Wing.

At the top of the list of possible Skinner replacements are **Fred Malek**, Bush's campaign manager, and **Craig Fuller**, Bush's vice-presidential chief of staff, who was later pushed out of the White House by Sununu. Malek, 55, is a successful businessman and longtime Republican political operative. As a young aide in the Nixon White House, he crafted the infamous list of Jews in the Labor Department, which tainted his political career. Malek has since apologized, and 20 years later, he may now be about to hold a high-profile administration job—possibly **Carla Hill**'s position as U.S. trade representative, if not the more pivotal chief of staff position. If he succeeds Skinner, he will bring in as his own deputy **Wayne Berman**, a 36-year-old former Commerce official and senior adviser to the campaign, or Farren, 39, who just left Commerce to be Malek's deputy on the campaign.

Dick Darman's days as director of OMB are numbered. Along with Sununu, Darman held sway over the White House through most of Bush's first term but has kept a low profile since 1990, when he presided over the budget agreement that put the words "new taxes" right into George Bush's mouth. Skinner has successfully undermined Darman's power over domestic policy decisions by hiring **Clayton Yeutter** as "domestic policy czar." With the help of Sununu, Darman was able to keep active cabinet secretaries like **William Reilly**, **Jack Kemp**, and **Louis Sullivan** at bay. But now he is a political liability with conservatives on the Hill because of tax increases. Although Darman has always kept his eye on the top post at Treasury (where he worked under Baker), Bush insiders say that the lifelong bureaucrat (Darman has served in three Republican administrations) will probably venture into the private sector. One campaign official explains it this way: "Darman has been hit by lightning so many times that he has burned out."

Three names that are most often mentioned as Darman successors are: former Minnesota Rep. **Bill Frenzel**; Darman's deputy, Grady; and lobbyist and former OMB official **Deborah Steelman**. Frenzel, a retired 10–term representative, is conservative on economic issues and moderate on social and foreign policy. He is an expert on budget and tax strategy due to his long tenure on the House Ways and Means and Budget committees.

Scheduled at press time to be sworn in as Darman's deputy at OMB, Grady is a longer shot for top cat there; at 34, he is considered too young for the job. Since 1989, Grady had been a political associate director at OMB in charge of the environment, energy, and science. He is known to be tough, brilliant, politically savvy, and ideologically moderate—but perhaps too much so: He worked under two Republican liberals, **Tom Kean** and **Millicent Fenwick** (**Garry Trudeau**'s favorite rep).

Several other White House jobs are likely to turn over, including **Roger Porter**'s domestic and economic policy adviser position and Yeutter's domestic "czar" job. Both men will probably leave the administration if Bush is reelected. Porter, a former professor at the Kennedy School of Government has been considered a lame duck ever since Skinner brought in Yeutter in an attempt to save the administration's nonexistent domestic policy image. But Yeutter has yet to solve the problem, so both of them will probably go unrewarded in the second term.

Porter's and Yeutter's jobs will be meshed; likely candidates are **Bill Kristol**, **Kevin Moley**, and **Bob Zoellick**. Kristol, 39, who has taught public policy at Harvard, is conservative with a reputation as one of the smartest aides at the White House. He is credited with resurrecting Quayle's image by getting him to speak out on deregulation, tort reform, and those infamous "family values."

Zoellick, 38, is known variously as a behind-the-scenes operator, a policy junkie, and an extremely talented workaholic. He has also been at the right place at the right time. Zoellick was issues director for the 1988 Bush-Quayle

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campaign, as well as James Baker's close aide at both Treasury and State, which gave him a broad base of knowledge of economics and foreign policy. But Zoellick's meteoric rise is best explained by the fact that he can be counted on to get things done.

Moley, 45, is the deputy secretary at HHS—the second-ranking official beneath Sullivan. Moley, who was active in each of the last two Republican campaigns, is an expert in health and education, two domestic issues that are likely to be noticed in Bush's second term. Another advantage: The president knows Moley well and likes him.

Marlin Fitzwater, White House press secretary since 1987, is rumored to be contemplating leaving government after 22 years. If he does depart, his current deputy, **Judy Smith**, will be the most likely successor. **Alixe Glen**, a former Fitzwater deputy, now Sullivan's press secretary, may also be considered for the job.

Mary Matalin, the Bush-Quayle campaign's deputy political director and a protégé of **Lee Atwater**, could get **Ron Kaufman**'s job as White House political director. Kaufman, who came into the White House on Sununu's coat tails, will definitely leave after the first term. If **Rich Bond** decides to do a private-sector tour, Matalin, 38, could be the first female director of the Republican National Committee.

Chairs in the Cabinet Room will also be shuffled in 1993. **Nick Brady**, Bush's longtime friend and adviser, is commonly considered an ineffective Treasury secretary and a weak spokesman for Bush. Like Darman, Brady is tainted by the 1990 budget deal. Conservatives especially hate him. For years now, Brady's foes in the financial community have been wondering when someone will find an ambassadorship for him; the Court of St. James still seems the safest bet.

The lagging economy, the deficit, and a bloodied banking industry would be major problems in a second Bush term. Administration insiders say that Bush will look beyond the Beltway for a business leader to staunch the hemorrhaging. The two candidates rumored for the Treasury seat are **Maurice "Hank" Greenberg**, CEO of America International Group, the most profitable insurance company in the country, and **Donald Marron**, CEO of the Wall Street brokerage firm Paine Webber. Both men are heavyweights; Greenberg is known as the toughest boss in America. Both are close to George Bush and are active fundraisers for his reelection campaign.

Barbara Franklin, who took **Bob Mosbacher**'s job as Commerce secretary last December when Mosbacher moved over to the Bush campaign, is expected to leave in 1993. The high-powered business consultant and Republican fundraiser has gotten low marks at Commerce, where she has been criticized for being "invisible" and ineffective. Another reason why Franklin might leave is that her job will be an important political payoff position for someone who worked hard on the Bush reelection effort.

Jack Kemp is also rumored to be a possible Franklin replacement. The Los Angeles riots have finally brought this "bleeding heart conservative" into the limelight, and if he stays on the Bush reservation through November, he will probably be the most politically effective cabinet secretary in the campaign. Of all cabinet chieftains, Kemp receives the most requests to attend political events and is expected to spend four out of five days a week this summer and fall campaigning for Bush. Kemp, who wants to run for president in 1996, has stayed at HUD, a political backwater, longer than anyone expected and will probably be rewarded. Kemp may want the high-profile Commerce job for a few years before he gets an office at the Heritage Foundation and begins plotting his path to the presidency.

The Bush administration will look for a black Republican to replace Kemp at HUD. Insiders say that one contender is **Kenneth Blackwell**, the former mayor of Cincinnati. Blackwell lost a bid for Congress in 1990, and currently serves as leader of the U.S. delegation to the U.N. Human Rights Commission. If Rep. **Gary Franks** of Connecticut, a conservative Yalie, loses his reelection bid this year, he may also be considered for the HUD job.

Administration insiders think EPA head Reilly will fly the coop in 1993, if for no other reason than to maintain his credibility as an environmentalist. At the White House, he has fought a gallant uphill battle against pro-business, anti-regulation advocates like Quayle and Darman. Reilly can look back to the passage of the Clean Air Act in 1990 as his biggest accomplishment. His replacement is rumored to be **Bob Grady**, who at OMB has had a hand in running the administration's environmental policy. California Governor **Pete Wilson** invited Grady to be his state's secretary of environment, but the White House urged him to stay put.

Sullivan has told his aides that he plans to continue at HHS until health care reform is passed by Congress. Chances are that the issue, a political hot potato, will not be tackled until well after the election is over. When Sullivan eventually exits, **Gail Wilensky**, the deputy assistant to the president for policy development, may get the HHS job. Wilensky, who has a Ph.D. in economics, served as administrator of the Health Care Financing Administration at HHS.

Of course, even if Bush does appoint a group of young, energetic aides to top domestic policy positions, they won't have an impact unless the president himself offers some policy leadership. When it comes to initiatives within our borders, Bush tends to half-heartedly react to problems rather than deal with them as they emerge. He is, however, at home abroad. In his second term, he'll keep his strong foreign policy team—**Baker** at State, **Scowcroft** at NSC, **Cheney** at Defense, and **Powell** at the JCS.

On the domestic policy front, perhaps the only reason Bush will turn his do-nothing agenda into an activist one the second time around is out of concern for his place in history. If Bush does decide to make changes at home, instigating a "Deputy Coup" will be the best way to do it.

—*Clara Bingham is a White House correspondent for* Newsweek.

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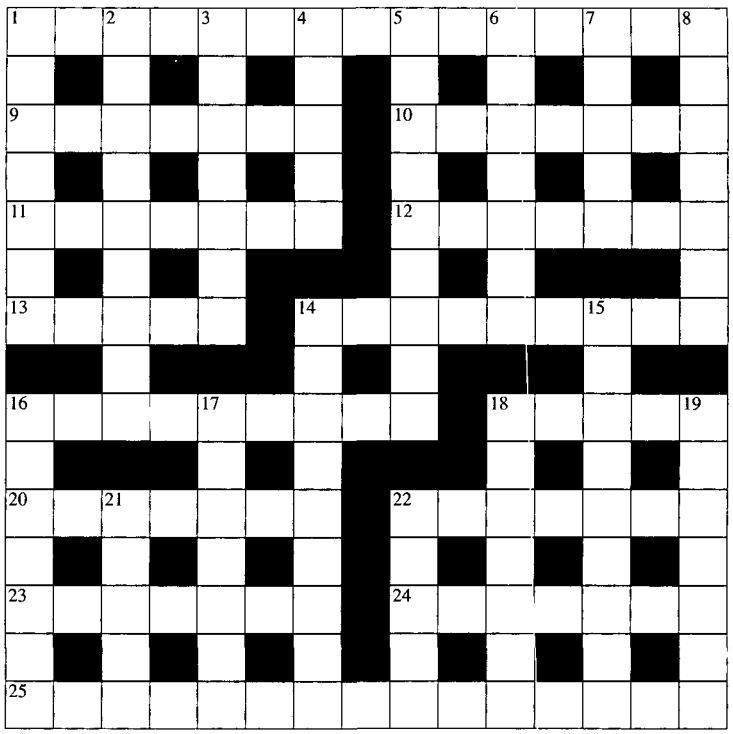
POLITICAL PUZZLE

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g. USA, are treated as one word.



ACROSS

1. Pirate sets never troubled Washington types. (15)
9. The endless golf area is finished. (7)
10. Dressing first in the aged lemon ivory African necktie. (7)
11. Syria hovering around Washington for travel routes. (7)
12. Seeing Sue tear around, one finds her oddly prim and proper. (7)
13. Seasoning for end of round, we hear. (5)
14. Steer pigs carefully for enhanced reputations. (9)
16. Shift position for Route 10's detour. (4, 2, 3)
18. European extremists? (5)
20. Ask for cheese paté after last of crab. (7)
22. Change my idea about middle of later TV period. (7)
23. Adapt storied literary figures. (7)
24. Collaboration produces musical about part of cry. (7)
25. This year, 1 Across makes peer notice flour sifted. (2, 3, 10)

DOWN

1. Former president returns before tea to eat his words. (7)
2. Actor confused Perot and headless Harry. (9)
3. Shape ticket between extreme extremes. (7)
4. Those developing moral position. (5)
5. A wee satin outfit for island people. (9)
6. Subway art isn't funny. (7)
7. Fuel in middle of diver's delicate material. (5)
8. Resins mixed around 1,000 canaries. (7)
14. Special delivery mail as the product. (9)
15. Pill is taken up in British jug before one Churchill effort. (9)
16. Turned blue at a picture. (7)
17. Way out demonstrated to horde. (3, 4)
18. Medium spy turns fashionable. (7)
19. Intervenes when shoe parts are juggled. (5, 2)
21. Awkward, but fits when taken up before first frost. (5)
22. Belonging to noble lad raised around Berkeley institution. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:

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Wolves in Cheap Clothing

In search of substance in the new downscale style

by Katherine Boo

With hundreds of nightclubs in Manhattan alone—clubs with palm trees, red velvet, strobe lights, men showering in little glass stalls—you'd think there'd be no shortage of places for two guys to throw a party. But when events planner Edward Jowdy and jewelry designer Simon Wilson decided to fête 250 artists, writers, and fashion types this May, they knew none of the usual clubs would do. "The club scene is totally contrived, totally segregated," says Jowdy. "We wanted a more natural setting." They wanted —they had to have—Al's.

For nearly 50 years, Al's bar in the Bowery has catered almost exclusively to men with lousy luck and shaky hands; the atmosphere accords with that niche. The house wine is fortified Wild Irish Rose, which starts to flow promptly at opening—8 a.m. The decor consists of POW-MIA flags and an Elvis poster. Still, Wilson and Jowdy were willing to pay for visitation rights. So on a Saturday night last May, Al's became, for a brief moment, the place for Manhattan's beau monde to be featured.

And featured they were, the next Sunday in the style section of *The New York Times*, a week later in *The New Yorker*, and a week after that in *Newsday*. The consensus: the Bowery bash was a style coup. While party chatter centered on the usual things—furniture prices and newly bankrupt young designers—the guests arrived, not in Armani, but in thrift-shop high heels, retro-chiffon, and sweat suits. "Hip," approved the *Times*, "in a Charles Bukowski kind of way."

If Al's seems about as far away from eighties' boites like Indochine as you can get in Manhattan, that seems to be the point. "I'd be embarrassed now to step out of the back of a

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stretch limo," Jay McInerney recently confessed during an interview at the once-chic, now empty restaurant Odeon. As usual, McInerney's articulating a trend. According to the marketing gurus at DDB Needham, who publish regular reports on American living and buying habits, our urban elite is in the process of a significant style shift—down— and the circumstantial evidence is everywhere.

Had *Vogue*'s 100th anniversary occurred three years ago, no doubt its cover would've drowned in haute couture. But it came this April, so it featured a bevy of barefoot models in white T-shirts and jeans. Richard Price's tale of a Jersey drugdealer, *Clockers* —Bonfire Without the Vanities, as someone put it— threatens to be the book of the summer. *Washington Post* matriarch Kay Graham has parked her limo in exchange for a four-wheel drive. And a recent issue of *Money* magazine—one of the prime purveyors of the eighties' show-show ethic—actually celebrated people who left Wall Street to hang wallpaper or work at Jiffy Lube. Naturally, haute-yup advertisers are scrambling to adjust to the gestalt. Perrier, which for years channeled its water through French countryside and operatic soundtrack, has launched a new ad campaign featuring neighborhood bars and a rundown snack shack.

From the exclusivity of Nell's to everybody's Al's, urban trendies young and old seem to be atoning for the overt materialism and snobbery of the eighties. Even the remnant fetishes, like Shaker furniture, seem penitential. "I think that's one of the big stories now—denial of the eighties," wrote Michael Thomas recently in *The New York Observer*. "Everybody's looking around in a faintly guilty manner, the way people do when someone has silently broken wind at a tea party." And every night, that guilt—or whatever it is—propels the fashion-forward past the fin-de-siecle fussiness of the eighties' *restaurantes d'etre* to danker environs like Acme, where chicken-fried steak is a specialty and the industrial sign at the entrance crystallizes the lowered expectations of the age: "An OK place to eat."

Cafe society is yielding, it appears, to a sort of lunchcounter chic. And while that may not indicate, as a *Time* cover story panted recently, "a revolution in progress," it *is* a somewhat hopeful sign. Instead of hankering for Hermes and other means of telegraphing superiority, the urban elite are searching for common ground: plain food, cheap clothes, basic cars, down-to-earth places like Al's. In a hyperdivided country, as politicians and sociologists wring their hands, the affluent, of all people, seem to be launching a top-down assault on snobbery, insisting that class distinctions be minimized and communal values exalted in the name of style.

Could it be, possibly, that fashion is hinting at an answer to American class isolation? Sure it's hinting. It just can't commit.

Radical cheap

The nineteenth-century French toasted it as *nostalgie de la boue*; in the sixties Tom Wolfe single-handedly put an end to it with his acid "Radical Chic." But nineties-style downscale chic differs in a few key ways from its predecessors. First, the privileged aren't just importing the underdog into their penthouses like Gruyere and tulips; they're stepping out themselves. And second, the impulse is less political or "artistic" than economic.

In the sixties, Wolfe theorized, the elite aped the less privileged because they were rich enough to get away with it. The nineties seem to argue that the rich ape the poor because it's cheaper. McInerney may have felt yoked as a fact-checker at *The New Yorker*, but what with tens of thousands of jobs lost on Wall Street and the publishing industry foundering, today's bright young thing is grateful to be a coat-checker at Wetlands. And many style-conscious eighties' yuppies are now saddled with mortgages and kids. With so many of the young and youngish elites experiencing cash-flow problems, expensive is no longer practical as a determinant of style. So chic's strange alchemy has gone to work. Six years ago in Washington, for instance, Sol Price opened a group of membership-only warehouses in deepest suburbia to sell bulk goods to Korean grocers. The Price Club is still a bleak congregation of buildings, but now the parking lot's filled with Jaguars and lawyers can be heard at Washington parties bragging about getting 36 rolls of toilet paper for four bucks. The Price Club hasn't changed much—although it now carries cellular phones—but its popularity with the elite has boosted its status.

Downscale chic started with, and is continually reinforced by, economics, but by now it's transcended necessity. Donald and Ivana may be struggling, but they didn't *have* to go to K-Mart to buy their kids' school supplies last winter. Hollywood mogul Barry Diller isn't struggling, but when he visited D.C. this winter, he forsook the usual French places to sup at the working-class, hamhock-stewing Florida Avenue Grill. And necessity's never been the chief motivator of New York entrepreneur Ian Schraeger, who recently opened the mid-priced, much-hyped Paramount Hotel, which can best be described as a YMCA with attitude. Schraeger is also the brain behind one of the city's most decadent hotels, the Royalton, where rooms run about $400 a night. The Royalton's so exclusive it doesn't have a sign, or even an address, out

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front—a fact that surely delights the cognoscenti as much as it confounds the substitute mailman. Still, there's something sort of eighties about the Royalton, and Schraeger's genius is in knowing which way the wind blows: After five years of whining about downward mobility, people now seem ready to revel in it.

For the compulsively stylish, there's a practical payoff to this trend. Until recently, the business of being chic was damned expensive, and a finely calibrated taste could dictate an entire way of life. If status was determined by the car you drove and the clothes you wore, you had good reason for staying at Goldman, no matter how much you hated it. Today, if an '84 Escort is chic and you can take your date bowling in the Port Authority instead of dancing at Xexon, there's a lot less pressure to devote one's life to getting and spending.

But it's also easy to envision a more cosmic return from downscale chic—the subversion of America's snob tradition. Not, mind you, that the consumption of expensive goods is necessarily an indication of snootiness. People like what they like. Sometimes that's 25-year-old Glenlivet, sometimes it's Pabst Blue Ribbon, and so what? The trouble starts when your pleasure comes, not from savoring the libation, but from signaling your superiority—demonstrating the style chasm between you and everybody else. And for most of the last half-century, magazines and advertisements have tenderly nurtured that symbolism, until by the eighties it seemed perfectly reasonable to believe that one's education, intellect, sensitivity, and income level were reflected in one's choice of lettuce.

Downscale chic, on the other hand, seeks to sever, or at least muddle, the commodity/class connection. It tells you, even if you *are* spectacularly wealthy and educated, that it's okay not to blow the equivalent of Haiti's annual per-capita income on an entree. In fact, it tells you it's *better* not to. And, posiness notwithstanding, that makes the ethic pregnant with social potential. We all know that America is increasingly segregated by race and class, a separation that was heightened by the money-driven style cues of the eighties. Today, however, the interests of society and style have momentarily converged.

The credibility Gap

Or at least, judging by the Levis and the cornbread, they *should* be converging. Unfortunately, some downscalers are intent on preserving their differences, although now it's more complicated than it was in the eighties. Now one has to demonstrate superiority to both the rich and (this is where it gets ugly) the ordinary.

These days, if an advertiser or a magazine wants to convey its downscale hipness, the easiest way is to send up the old glitz—so easy that when the June *Spy* calls Bijan "the horrible Irani immigrant who sells vulgar clothing for thousands of dollars and now has an eponymous perfume," you sense its heart isn't in it. Less jaded magazines seem to pull it off more gracefully. How to convince you that the Park Avenue Cafe is hip again? All the June *Esquire* needs to promise is, "No more tongue confit with almond cookies!"

But if the downscalers know that they hate ostentatiousness, it sometimes feels as if they're not quite convinced they like the alternative. Consider a recent essay in *The New York Observer* on the new, more catholic definition of sophistication. While commending herself for identifying true sophistication, not just in well-groomed Chapin grads, but in ambulance drivers and inner-city teachers, a columnist still can't resist an offhand swipe at "debutantes from Jersey City." And while *Spy* may despise rich clothiers, its promotional campaign lampoons a parading Shriner in fez and minicar.

The veiled exclusivity in downscale chic can best be viewed in one of the primary testaments to the phenomenon: those ubiquitous black-and-white portraits hawking The Gap. The message of the beautifully photographed ads seems at first democratic: Gee, I can wear $15 T-shirts and jean jackets and still have style. But wait—who are the folks Gap's creative types have chosen to feature in those ads? Dockworkers? Waitresses? Mass icons like Roseanne? Of course not. Instead, they've selected such regular guys as Tony Kushner, Joan Didion, Gus Van Sant, and John Richardson. If the ads actually explained to you that Van Sant makes movies about edge-dwellers in the Pacific Northwest or that Joan Didion writes sociological essays for *The New York Review of Books*, they wouldn't work. Their effectiveness depends on their implicitness: their ability to make you feel good—attuned, fashionable, superior—about recognizing the folks in the photos. (Bonus points for knowing the Very Famous Photographers who took the portraits.)

Of course, the exclusivity impulse isn't always as subtle as a Gap ad. Let's go back to that style-triumph Saturday night at Al's—back before the elite arrived in the Bowery. First, the party planners furiously scrubbed and scented the bathroom. Then, before the guests arrived, they kicked Al's regulars out. "It's a derelicts' bar," explains party-planner Edward Jowdy. Still, it's not derelicts he really seems worried about—it's style-striving suburbanites. "We're kind of against publicity," he avers. "Something comes out in the press and you lose control over who shows

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up." And given the choice between exclusivity and popularity—genuine inclusiveness—there's really no contest, even for the downscalers.

Small change

Why does the elite crave distinction from the masses even while dipping into mass culture? This is something to chew on while dining at the Bob's Big Boy in Bailey's Crossroads, Virginia. The menu looks a lot like Acme's: fried clams, mashed potatoes, peach cobbler. And, like Acme, it's an OK place to eat. So what makes this orange vinyl experience so unchic? Maybe the difference isn't just that the Big Boy dinner runs about $10 less. Maybe it's that everyone eating at Acme is in on the joke. If you're sitting with working-class types at Bob's, on the other hand, people might mistake *you* for one of them.

And when it gets down to it, that's the sign of the snob, bejeweled or bejeaned: an unwillingness to be mistaken for the ordinary. What thrilled Tom Wolfe's East Siders about hanging out with Black Panthers? The same thing that thrills fashion writers about hanging out under a POW-MIA flag. "It is the matter," Wolfe wrote, "of the marvelous contradictions on all sides. It is like the delicious shudder you get when you try to force the prongs of two horseshoe magnets together . . . *them* and *us*."

But the sneaky thing about chic, downscale or otherwise, is that the them-us tension is hard to sustain. As yuppies learned, ordinary guys are bound to catch on before long. Today, even the Sizzlers Steakhouse chain offers blackened redfish, and the grand prize in a new contest sponsored by the VH-1 cable channel (MTV for the Dockers crowd) is a summerhouse in the Hamptons. Just as the GI bill devalued a college education—almost any hayseed could get a B.A.—mass appropriation of yuppie geegaws has sent their status value plummeting. At New York cocktail parties, the true elite is repeating it like a mantra: *We hate the phony Hamptons scene we've found a wonderful stone farmhouse in Bucks County. . . .*

If that's a partial explanation for downscale chic, it's also the death knell. The style-conscious middle class had to bust their butts to get that BMW or Rolex back in the eighties. The great wonder, and the great flaw, of downscale chic is that anyone can play, even if they don't get all the nuances of those Gap ads. It's harder than ever for the elite to keep the hoi polloi at bay.

Consider Sylvia's soul food eatery in Harlem, one of the protodownscale establishments, which has managed to be an early casualty of the style. In the late eighties came the elite, and soon after, the press. Sylvia's price barrier, unlike, say, Lutece's, wasn't formidable enough to intimidate the curious. In the past five years, then, Sylvia's has attracted so many suburbanites and Northern European tourists that the owners have erected an annex to accommodate them. Now Sylvia's is a joke on "Saturday Night Live" and the elite stay away in droves.

Of course, it's hard to get misty-eyed over the fact that rich folk no longer venture to Harlem in locked cabs for brunch. Yet if one considers the alternative, it's also difficult to feel wholly gleeful about downscale's likely demise. Downscale chic teases us, in small ways, with the promise of unity. Even if it's snobbery that propels folks to pool halls, there they will at least have *the chance* to discover that they have more in common than they thought with the Hispanic asbestos removers at Table 9. With time and heart, the willingness to dress and play like the less privileged could conceivably bloom into a willingness to live with them.

OK, so this is America; it's probably not going to happen. In fact, the backlash has already begun. "Ripped jeans. Pocket tees. Back to basics," sneers a new ad by the upscale clothier Charivari. "Wake us when it's over." (Many businesses, needless to say, have a great stake in returning cheap to its original tacky status.) Still, the cost of letting downscale chic go without a fight should be clear. Lose the opportunity, and the only thing to endure from this style-blip of the nineties will be exactly what we don't need: a smug sense among the elite, after a few years of cheap clothes and bowling, that they've *been* there, gotten down with the masses, identified. They've learned what it's like to really do without. And they did it—there's the beauty of it—without ever having to compromise style. □

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September 25, 1991 Organization I.D. 105486

Mr. Phil Johnson, Vice-President
Boyne City Chamber of Commerce
28 South Lake Street
Boyne City, MI 49712

Dear Mr. Johnson:

This office is in receipt of your organization's application for a raffle licence for July 4, 1992, and a sample of the plastic duck that you propose to use for this event. An examination of the sample duck submitted reveals that this duck is constructed of two pieces of hard plastic, which have been glued together, with a steel washer attached to the inside.

When this office dropped the sample from a distance of 5 feet onto a hard surface, the washer dislodged from the interior and the front seam of the duck split open. The April 1990 Duck Race Raffle Guideline stated that as of January 1, 1991, ducks made of rubber would be required for all events. Due to the failure of this sample in our testing procedure, it will not be possible to allow your organization to use these ducks in your July 4, 1992, raffle.

In your response to our July 24, 1992, letter you indicated that you would be purchasing ducks from Bell Distributors in Traverse City. As of yet, Bell has not submitted a sample duck to this office for approval. Until such time as Bell Distributing gains approval for a rubber duck, or your organization submits the name of supplier who has gained approval to supply rubber ducks, this office will not be able to approve your event.

If you have any questions, please contact this office at (517) 335-5780.

Sincerely,

Robert S. Blessing
Licensing Supervisor
Charitable Gaming Division

RSB:sd

cc: J. MADDIX

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The Right Fluff

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by Maureen Dowd

When this book first came in the mail, I thought, Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Eee Eee Eeeeeee! Augghh! Gaghhh!

It's bigger than a dictionary! It's bigger than ıe *Congressional Staff Directory*! It's bigger ıan George Bush's Rolodex!

For a long time, the 1,011-page book* sat in ıy house, making an indentation in a chaise ɔunge as I threw reproachful looks its way. 'hen a 33-page epilogue arrived and I *really* ot depressed. Now, while I'm still trying to igure out who Ross Perot and Bill Clinton are, ‡ichard Ben Cramer wants me to go back on a antastic voyage into the hearts and minds of ‡ichard Gephardt and Michael Dukakis?

Whoooooaaaaaa! That's *sca-a-a-aryyy!!!*

It's an odd conceit, to take some of the least ntrospective men in the history of American ›olitics and write from inside their heads—and ɔ take some of the most ordinary and flawed ›oliticians in recent memory and turn them nto heroic figures. But, according to the jacket ›lurb, Cramer wanted to write an epic that vould "do for politicians what Tom Wolfe did or astronauts in *The Right Stuff*." He follows wo Republicans, George Bush and Robert)ole, and four Democrats, Gary Hart, Joseph 3iden, Gephardt, and Dukakis, from the cradle o the end of the 1988 primary, with an epiogue on the quenched dreams of Dole and the ‡till-simmering political aspirations of the oth-:rs.

In addition, Cramer runs wild mau-mauing he flacks, gurus, and reporters as he flips in ınd out of the heads of the candidates, their vives, their mothers, and their aides with Sybiesque fervor.

With a prose style more irritating than enteraining, the author takes Wolfe's faded New ‡ournalism technique and sends it into fifth gear—VRO-O-O-OM! VRO-O-O-OM!—dousing each page with italics, ellipses, exclamation points, sound effects, dashes, hyphens, capital letters, and cute spellings. It's never "character cops" when it can be "Karacter Kops." Bob Dole rarely starts a sentence without an "Aghh" or "Gggaahh." He even hums with a lot of consonants: "Hnnghhhh gnngh hnnnnnnnggh. Dut dug duunnnnnnghh dghndughnnnnnnn! Yut dut dut dungggghhh. . . ." He never smells victory when he can smell "VICTORYYYY!"

After the election, Dukakis looks not just tired, but "weary, punch-rumpled, hard-cheese-beat-up." After Gephardt places third in Michigan, his press conference is portrayed as a cacophony of the heartless hyenas of the press: "Areyagonnaquit? WHYD'YATHINKYOULOST? . . . Wouldn'alossbe CONGRESSMAN! Wouldn't you say a loss in MichiDICK!WHY'DYATHINK YA LOST?" And here is the press as Gary Hart gets back in the race: "GARYGARYLEEwhaddyaMRS.-HART!thinkaDONNARIy'gonna WIN think ya WINPOSTgonna print a LEE storygotta RICE Gary MONEYLEEEEHEYY!"

Beneath his hyperventilating prose, Cramer is a mordant observer and exhaustive reporter. But reading his book gave me the same impulse that Jimmy Stewart had with the tarty Marlene Dietrich in *Destry Rides Again*, when he told her something like: "You know, if you took off all that makeup, I bet there's a lovely face under there."

Cramer has lovingly laid on brush stroke after brush stroke—the gathering storm of the perfect Gephardt, the high school exploits of the brash Biden. The author reveals that it was a young Gary Hartpence who first employed the "didn't inhale" defense. Hart was running for student council president at his strict religious college when he and some buddies were spotted passing a beer around the table at

Maureen Dowd is a political reporter for The New York Times.

**What It Takes: The Way to the White House.* Richard Ben Cramer. *Random House, $28.*

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Ned's Pizza in Oklahoma City. Hart said he didn't sip, but lost the election anyway.

Certainly, Cramer has accumulated some wonderful tidbits in his five years of reporting. But after reading every nuance, every shading, every interior monologue in this monster book, I can't say I've learned anything fundamentally new about any of the candidates.

Cramer only confirms what was already known: that Dukakis had an overwhelming need to be *correct*, that Biden had an overwhelming need to *connect*, that Kitty Dukakis had an overwhelming need to *dramatize* her life, that George Bush cared more about *being president* than he cared about ideas, that Hart cared more about ideas than he did about some *silly* standards of political conduct (like not opening the door of your hotel room in a short bathrobe when a female reporter is coming to interview you late at night, as Hart did with Patricia O'Brien of Knight-Ridder).

The same things are sad that were sad five years ago: Dole's mind-bending years trying to get back his motor skills after his arm and chest were ripped up in World War II. And the same things are funny here that were funny five years ago: Pat Caddell desperately seeking a musical theme that would appeal to the Big Chill generation, while his boss, Joe Biden, as Cramer writes, "was still a bit hazy on the Beatles." Caddell forced the Bidens to listen to *Les Miserables* on their way out to announce Joe's candidacy.

> So the Bidens stood in announcement clothes, while Pat, as the majordomo, flicked on the stereo and cranked it up to TEN, till it felt like the speakers were slapping them in the face.
>
> *Do you hear the people sing*
> *Lost in the valley of the night?*
>
> "LISTEN TO THIS NOW . . ." Pat yelled through the music. This was important . . . the finale to *Les Miserables* . . . and this was HOW THE CAMPAIGN HAD TO BE!
>
> *It is the music of a people*
> *Who are climbing to the light. . . .*
>
> "Yeah, that's great, Pat. . . ."

While I've occasionally used the gimmick of getting inside George Bush's head for a humor piece, the notion of using it for an entire book is disquiet-

Beneath his hyperventilating prose, Richard Ben Cramer is a mordant observer and exhaustive reporter.

What would the words be? . . . What look, what themes, would a Dukakis campaign present to the voters?

As much as adman Dan Payne wanted to help, wanted at least to be perceived as a player, he just stared at Dukakis like Michael was talking Greek.

"Governor, it's not the kind of . . . you know, I don't have a kind of one-size-fits-all *thing* that I can do . . . I mean . . ."

But Michael was insistent. Payne had worked on his '82 comeback, and in '86. Michael knew he was a charter wiseguy at campaign manager John Sasso's Thursday night sessions. "What would you do?" Michael said. "I mean, what would, what would the themes, you . . . I think you know as well as anybody what a presidential campaign for me would be like. . . ."

But Payne didn't know—thought he could not know until Dukakis came up with something *that mattered to Dukakis*. That's what he tried to say, politely. But Dukakis kept looking at him like he was holding out: Come on! Let's think up the words!

Kitty was there, next to Michael, looking at Payne like he was a traitor to the cause. Finally, Michael said to her: "Katherine, what do you think? Any questions? Any thoughts? . . ." But Kitty had nothing to add, so that's where it ended.

And Sasso was there, of course, but John wasn't asking anything. He figured the mission would come, in time. There had to be—there would be—a process of growth.

* * *

That was Teddy Kennedy, the first guy they ran into at the club. Kennedy was hosting a confab on arms control, and the major-league multiple-reentry-first-strike-throw-weight muckamucks had flown in.

"Listen," Kennedy said, "I'm just having a few of these guys up to my hotel room, after. You know, just to kick things around . . . love to have you sit in . . ."

This took Michael Dukakis completely by surprise, so he murmured thanks . . . said he'd certainly try.

But when it came time to go to Kennedy's soireé, Dukakis was antsy.

"This isn't gonna be all night, is it?" That's what he wanted to know from his aide Nick Mitropoulos.

"We'll stay as long as you want, Governor."

Michael knew he ought to go—the words "D–5 missile," after all, had never escaped his lips, and soon he'd have to talk about how many the U.S. ought to build, and why. . . . But Dukakis does not like to be the dumbest guy in the room. Michael is always the smartest guy in the room.

"I don't know . . ." Michael was frowning at his watch. "Ahhh . . . I don't wanna go in there."

Mitropoulos shrugged and stopped. "Up to you," he said.

Michael's eyes were down at his watch again, and he muttered something about the Stop & Shop. He said: "It's my night for groceries."

—From *What It Takes*

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d of the Curve

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ing. It's not possible to really know what's in anyone's head, no matter how close you are to him, how much he tells you, or how much research you do. Attempting to recreate the streams of consciousness of Bush and Dole when they thought they might die in World War II is a bit of a stretch. And it's hard to imagine that the ultrastraight Gephardt really thought his suit's sliding shoulder pads made him feel like "he was growing tits."

Cheeseheads

Perhaps it's just that I have always secretly hoped that these guys' inner monologues are at a higher level than their extemporaneous speech. I fantasize that Bush talks to himself not like Bertie Wooster but like Philip Marlowe, and that Michael Dukakis speaks, not like a computer scroll of an urban planning paper, but with the mean-streets growl of a David Mamet character.

Unlike Molly Ivins and P. J. O'Rourke, who are raking in a lot of money making fun of politicians, Cramer has stacked the deck in the direction of the paeanic. As he noted in a recent interview, reporters think if they could only peel off enough layers, they'd find all the flaws, whereas "if they would actually peel the layers, they'd find a hell of a man."

"They're big, extraordinary men," he told *Mirabella* magazine. "These are not small-cheese types. They bend lives everywhere they go."

But one thing we know, looking back at JFK, LBJ, and Ronald Reagan, is that these are fallible men capable of huge mistakes of judgment and lapses of intelligence. And, unlike the '88 crop, those men were big cheeses.

Although Cramer set out to explain the soil that best nurtures presidential ambition, it is still not clear what ingredients besides the obvious ones do the trick. All of these men were their mothers' darlings. In many cases, they had fathers who did not succeed as they would have liked. Many were quasi-dorks who blossomed in high school or college. In many cases, they got into the presidential race without knowing exactly why they wanted to be president or what they wanted to say, and then ended up getting molded in unattractive ways by the image wizards.

Cramer offers a withering view of the consultants who grafted new personalities onto his heroes or threw verbal darts at them. He refers to consultant William Schneider as "the well-known TV-guest-in-the-know on well-known knowledge," and "the ubiquitous pilgarlic, who worked for anybody, wrote a column, and showed up on TV whenever anyone spent a dime to call him," and the "pilgarlic-pollster-pundit-columnist-TV-guest-part-time-Biden-guru-who-gave-Joe-the-Kinnock-tape-in-the-first-place."

But the author reserves his highest contempt for the obtuse and superficial reporters who yap and nip at such titans as Biden and Hart. Cramer writes that Paul Taylor of *The Washington Post*

> was cool, handsome, and detached, was by his own lights a man who "saw nuance" and "took a fair-minded approach." . . . E. J. Dionne, from the *Times*, was short, quick, and awfully busy, harried like a border collie with a bad herd. Like so many *Times*-men, he was an expert—a Ph.D. historian from Oxford, no less—and he'd learned his politics at the knee of guru-columnist William Schneider, so he could seek from the latest polls the undertow of the great sea of voters. . . . Smooth Howard Fineman from *Newsweek*, with the soft hands and bottom-line eye of an up-and-coming junk bond salesman, just meant to hit with a thump—wherever, however. (Howard, it should be noted, was the first of his generation to earn a panelist's chair on the Hour of the Living Dead, "Washington Week in Review.")

And when Ben Bradlee gets involved in the Hart-Donna Rice imbroglio, Cramer calls him the Big Hound coming out of the kennel, trying to put the coon up the tree.

Virgin Gary

Although Random House promises "news-breaking revelations," it's hard to discern them. Asked about it, a Random House publicist replies that Cramer reveals that GARY HART DID NOT SLEEP WITH DONNA RICE!

This revelation seems to be based on Hart's continuing claim that he did not, and that the young lady left after midnight by the back door not being watched by *Miami Herald* reporters. Suffice it to say that some readers may continue to doubt—even though Hart's friends did always say he was a guy whose idea of a wild time was talking about Thomas Jefferson. Besides, most people thought of the Donna Rice caper not as a morals breach but as an IQ test.

In Cramer's view, the press just did not understand Hart. As he writes in his epilogue, "Hart thought the sickness [of the character question] stemmed from a dangerous fallacy—Americans think they can know (have a right to know) everything about their leaders. But that certainty of knowledge is not available. People can't be tied down, reduced to facts. More dangerous still, politicians try to toe the line. Hart quoted, from his friend Warren Beatty,

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'When forced to show all, people become all show.' " (Maybe Cramer should have called his epic *War and Beatty*.)

Random House also claims that Cramer reveals that Bush was under tremendous strain in the period after the United States invaded Panama but before Manuel Noriega was caught. In his epilogue, Cramer writes, "George Bush was wound so tight that his back seized up—he was hunched, walking like a hundred-and-eight-year-old man. *Where was that sonofabitch Noriega*? . . . It got so bad with Bush's back that he couldn't even play *sports* with his sons."

That *is* serious.

Cramer can hit home about the faults of reporters: He's right that "Dukakis' 'terrific comeback' was . . . wish-fulfillment for the wise guys and a press corps that needed a story." But the writer does not offer a serious discourse on the larger issues of press responsibility and presidential character. He merely takes a snide tone toward the reporters who, now that the parties are no longer winnowing the candidates, are struggling with the task of examining the backgrounds of guys who come out of nowhere and want to run the country.

Certainly, it could be argued that the press has debased the nation's political dialogue. Ross Perot is building an entire candidacy on the strength of public distaste for conventional media outlets. But Cramer wants it both ways. If he wants to mock reporters trying to illuminate Karacter with "psycho-investigations," then he should write a 1,200-page book examining all the ideas and issues he believes were ignored in 1988. But if he wants to write a Tom Wolfe version of Gail Sheehy, then he should curb his sneering tone toward reporters who tried to do it in real time with what he calls "Grape-Nuts" of information.

Still, Cramer's cruelest cut to the gurus and reporters is not in his irreverent—and sometimes amusing—point of view. It is the fact that his book will not have an index, according to the publishers, so the Washington cognoscenti cannot engage in their favorite activity of skipping straight to their citations.

The Random House publicist explained that the book did not need an index because "everyone who's in there already knows they're in there." I didn't. I had to wait until page 519 to find out that I was "observant" but obvious, and until page 639 to learn that I am regarded as "the prima donna of the politics beat."

Nooooooooo indexxxxxx?????!!!!!!! Unphh, unphh! Harrrumph! □

Dukedumb

How a lightweight Louisiana racist came to spook a nation

by Jon Meacham

No doubt about it, David Duke was a hell of a story. For political reporters, the former Klansman's Louisiana campaigns were relics of the segregationist South, bracing proof that the old Confederacy's worst instincts are still alive. For highbrow essayists, Duke emerged as a symbol of the struggle between good and evil in the American mind—a foreboding figure who brought to life our worst economic and racial tensions. In the end, though, Duke turned out to be more Mickey Mouse than Manichean.

This book*, the first comprehensive discussion of Duke's 1989 state legislative victory, 1990 U.S. Senate race, and 1991 gubernatorial campaign, treats him as more than a passing fancy. Most of the nine men and women who contributed essays—academics, journalists, and activists—subscribe to a similar thesis: Duke is not a sensation unique to Louisiana, an eclectic, populist state. They repeatedly insist that Duke and his brand of race-based campaigning are poised to attract white voters caught in uneasy economic and social circumstances across the country.

Editor Douglas Rose even begins the book with Yeats' apocalyptic "The Second Coming": "And what rough beast, its hour come round at last/ Slouches toward Bethlehem to be born?" It's a sophomoric touch. Racist politics—or any sort of politics based on appeals to fear, uncertainty, and unease—are ancient. Duke is merely the latest in a long

Jon Meacham is a reporter for the Chattanooga Times.

**The Emergence of David Duke and the Politics of Race.* Douglas D. Rose, *editor. University of North Carolina Press, $29.95 (cloth), $12.95 (paper).*

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line of politicians who counted on dragging the worst out of voters.

So why is Duke no longer a national political figure? The protest candidacy of Patrick J. Buchanan has been used to explain Duke's dismal showing in the 1992 Republican presidential primaries. Buchanan, the conventional wisdom goes, made ethnic resentments the center of his campaign and thus became an acceptable alternative to Duke, the neo-Nazi and author of a sexual-advice guide for women. Yet even Buchanan faded as Bush steadily slogged his way to the nomination. Anger is hard to sustain in any form, especially in the context of a national political campaign. Duke was a victim of this truth, but foremost he was a victim of his own history.

This book was begun as Duke rode a wave of national publicity and was completed before he withdrew from the 1992 presidential race. Coming now, it's a wet firecracker, but it still raises good questions, intended and otherwise: Where did Duke come from, why did he ultimately fail, and why were so many—including this book's contributors—so sure he wouldn't?

In a way, the contributors have turned out to be victims of their own success. In 1989 several of them gathered to document Duke's fascist past and eventually formed the Louisiana Coalition Against Racism and Nazism—a political action committee widely credited with unmasking Duke. If the analysis in these pages seems familiar, it's because the coalition did its job well, disseminating damaging information and casting Duke as an opportunist who remade himself to win office. Today, Duke holds no public office and stands little chance of future electoral success, even in his home state. As one contributor notes, "It is unclear whether he will even muster enough white support to win statewide office; as the recent governor's election has shown, Louisiana's sizable black electorate (27 percent) is a major stumbling block to his larger political ambitions."

Although the authors' portrait of Duke and his world is convincing, it goes further than the evidence warrants in sounding the alarm about Duke's supposed national appeal. In a passage about Duke's only successful campaign for a seat in the Louisiana legislature, where he represented a depressed New Orleans suburb, contributor Lawrence N. Powell underscores the volume's tone. "By reawakening the furies of racism, Duke has disrupted the New Deal party alignments that tenuously emerged in Louisiana following the civil rights movement. And because the forces driving Duke's political movement—declining living standards, voter cynicism, fear of crime—reflect national trends, the lesson of his legislative victory is that it could happen elsewhere."

This notion that "it could happen elsewhere" is problematic. Remember, Duke's victory occurred in Louisiana, and even there he won only one very close election (by 227 votes) under extraordinary circumstances. If the worry is that "other David Dukes" will spring up across the land to cash in on the declining fortunes of the middle class, then what constitutes "a David Duke"? Must he have been a Nazi? A Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan? There can't be many out there with such credentials who can be taken as seriously as Duke was.

Later, of course, Duke did net 44 percent of the vote against an incumbent U.S. senator and run ahead of the incumbent Democrat-turned-Republican (and wildly unpopular) governor in an open primary. This book offers convincing explanations for such results, ranging from Duke's manipulation of television news to his polished deflection of past affiliations with groups such as the KKK (he wrote them off as follies of youth). Duke also took advantage of a weakened state party system. In the book's best essay, Elizabeth Rickey, a member of Louisiana's Republican State Central Committee, gives an account of how she fought a losing battle to get the state party to condemn Duke. It was Rickey and Lance Hill, another contributor, who uncovered the oft-cited fact that Duke was selling books like *Hitler Was My Friend* out of his legislative office.

Duke is put in a regional context by Ferrel Guillory, an editor of the *Raleigh News and Observer*. Guillory's essay makes the expected points: the South faces weakening parties, political alienation, economic stagnation—and the "inescapable fact of history that the Republican Party surged in the South also by willingly serving as a vehicle for white resistance and disaffection." In other words, if you strip away Duke's sheets and swastikas, you essentially get a conservative Republican, a candidate comfortable in the party of Lee Atwater. But although it's true that Nixon, Reagan, and Bush were willing to use race when it suited them, they did it for the sake of political expediency. Duke is different. Racism is part of his fabric—you can't take it out or isolate patches like Willie Horton. Duke's life is one long Willie Horton commercial.

And Duke disclaims his past with a wink and a nod, a fact that calls into question his new-found Republicanism. According to Gary Esolen, whose essay analyzes Duke's use of television, "The paradox is that although Duke's TV message is that he has cleaned up his act, he cannot in fact leave his original politics too far behind or he will fizzle out. A scoundrel who goes straight will soon lose the attention of the news media."

Of course, media attention does not always a successful candidate make. While Duke's flirtation with

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the media turned him into a celebrity, it also turned mainstream voters off. We hear much about "the hidden vote": people "mainstream" enough to deny that they were going to vote for Duke but who would do it once the curtain was drawn. Evidence here, however, shows that this hidden vote was a minor factor in Duke's 1991 gubernatorial run-off against Edwin Edwards. Duke lost, 61 to 39 percent, after pollsters had predicted he'd hit 46 percent.

Boy in the hood

Of course, Duke's demise does not mean the end of the politics of race in this or any other year. Middle-class children of the Reagan years experienced overt racial tensions long before the Rodney King incident. In my youth, during the summer of 1980, a jury in Chattanooga acquitted three Klansmen in a drive-by shooting of five black women. Some of the city's black population rioted, burning buildings and threatening to spread the violence. From my house on Missionary Ridge, the Civil War battlefield that overlooks the city, I could hear gunfire and see smoke rising from the business districts. There were two reactions at home. First, my father put a shotgun by the back door and a rifle by the front; there were fears that things could get out of hand. But there was also his astonishment at the verdict, a recognition of the general pity of it all, and a lecture on the explicable rage of the people who thought the system had, once again, abandoned them. Still, the guns remained by the doors for a time.

As I grew older, it struck me that the ambiguity of those days was not uncommon. The story of the post-1954 South—and, for that matter, of the rest of the nation—is that of men and women of good intentions doing battle with their fears and habits. Fortunately, the good intentions have generally won out, and the kind of viciousness Duke represents has retreated from the center to the fringe. The guns at the door are not necessarily emblems of the Right: My father voted for Carter in 1980, thinking Reagan too conservative. It would never occur to him to vote for Duke, and, clearly, the mass of middle-class voters feel the same way.

Rose and Esolen acknowledge this in their joint analysis of Duke's gubernatorial race: "The support of conservative Republicans was crucial to Duke but hard for him to get. They were not casting protest votes or experiencing hard times or threatened by affirmative action or fond of Hitler or the KKK. Republican support for culturally racist themes lacks the intensity that Duke supporters bring." The Duke phenomenon came to an end because he couldn't extend his support beyond a small band of angry and alienated blue-collar voters.

Duke is an interesting study, a stopping-off point for political and social scientists who make a living generalizing from the particular. The center has a way of holding, however, and Duke has slouched home to the fringe. This book, for all its overstatement, tells the David Duke story well. Let's hope it will be the last word we'll need on the subject. □

From Career to Maternity

A feminist reconsiders the Mommy Track

by Julie Rose

Every May in my town of Northampton, Massachusetts, Smith College springs another 700 young women loose into the world. It is something to see, these women charging out of one of America's few remaining all-female colleges, intent on professional careers, expecting that whatever lifestyle they want will be theirs. As I watch them, from the vantage of my 41 years, I find myself thinking, *yes, they can*. Until, that is, they step across the great divide and choose to have children.

Sometimes I think I'd like to tell these women about my own crossing, eight years ago—about how, along the path of motherhood, I shed my career and my working self like a snake molting its skin. And about how, at the mid-point of my life, I realize that I have lost a part of myself. Do not misunderstand me; my feeling is not one of sorrow, but of recognition. Like millions of women, I have learned a truth that might daunt even the most energetic Smithie: For

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women who seek both career and motherhood, something usually has to give. In my case, it was career.

For three years after my daughter was born, I worked full time for the Texas legislature as a budget policy analyst. My schedule varied with the pace of the legislature, from unpressured to frenetic. I worked until 10 days after my due date, when I went into labor. Two and a half months after my daughter was born, I went back to work with great relief.

Ideological purity doesn't count for much when it comes to juggling career and family.

I was overjoyed to return to my familiar office, to relax in a way I couldn't at home. Although I adored my child, the days of her infancy were the most tedious and demanding of my life. Still, back at the office, my mind left work almost as often as I did to nurse the baby.

As my daughter grew older, I felt even more keenly the conflict between work and home. I wanted to be in both places at once, and began to feel I wasn't doing either job very well. During the peak of the legislative session, my husband brought my daughter to the Capitol during a dinner break so I could see her before I returned for yet another all-night session. In two days, I spent a mere 30 minutes with my one-and-a-half-year-old.

My tribulations in Texas were not unique; they are suffered by millions of families. The next step I took is equally common: I quit working full time as soon as the opportunity arose. When my husband got a job offer in Massachusetts, I agreed that he should take it, knowing full well that I was leaving a job I enjoyed, and that I would not make a full-time commitment to any new job I might find there.

Instead, I eagerly committed myself to my children. My experience in Texas taught me that I didn't have enough energy to split between a job and a family. I told myself I'd vary my home life by doing a little work here and there, at my own pace. And in the last six years, I have done just that—a little work. But my major responsibilities in life have shifted to caring for my children. I put myself on what has come to be known as the "mommy track."

I am not alone. In Northampton, there's an eerie sense of women's lives in limbo. Many keep the ghost of a past career alive with a little work here and there—just as I do—while raising children. They're waiting for the moment they can step back fully into a career. In them, like me, there's an impulse to work that runs deep—a part of them they want their children to know. But they must also know on some level that, given the way the world works—the way, for instance, potential employers rarely take seriously people who have been out of the workforce for six or ten or fifteen years—the moment might never come.

Most women have babies. And the realities of pregnancy and maternity can interrupt the healthiest of careers. Maternity has become an "obstacle" that only a few women manage to surmount in order to move upward in their careers. For many others, motherhood is a permanent plateau—a virtual promise that professional talent will be wasted.

These are the dismal facts that feed the raging debate about women, families, and work. The facts are not fair. Few men are asked or forced to face the same obstacles in following a career and having a family. But then the simplest of truths is that men don't give birth. It was just this observation that made Felice Schwartz the whipping girl of feminists from Betty Friedan to Susan Faludi. In January 1989, Schwartz published a now-infamous article in *Harvard Business Review* that suggested how corporations might deal with the elemental, but usually ignored, fact that most of their female employees will get pregnant and have children. And now Schwartz is back with more to say about work and families.* What she says is something every mother knows: Maternity is more than having a baby. Maternity absorbs a woman's physical and mental energies over a prolonged period of time that includes nursing, bonding, and child rearing. It brings with it a powerful set of new emotions that women both embrace and grapple with for the rest of their lives. After returning from a short maternity leave, women executives often discover that the demands of a 60-hour week conflict with the demands of parenthood—and that the tug of parenthood is the stronger force. Companies, in turn, lose not only the time and the money they invested in recruiting and training female executives, but their talent as well.

The core of Schwartz's argument is that companies should give women (and men) the opportunity to step off the corporate ladder, to create a flexible schedule that accommodates a rigorous family life. She seeks a system of corporate life that doesn't cast away women simply because they choose to be

**Breaking with Tradition: Women, Management, and the New Facts of Life.* Felice N. Schwartz. *Warner, $21.95.*

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mothers. Instead of a career ladder, she gives us the image of a jungle gym, where you move to the side temporarily, then start your climb again. This sideways step, she says, should be taken without prejudice—without the view by management that working anything less than 80 hours a week represents a lack of commitment to the company. Then, even if it is years later, the employee should be allowed to rejoin the more traditional full-time career path.

When Schwartz's ideas were first published in 1989, they quickly sank under the weight of the term "mommy track," a phrase Schwartz never actually used. She was particularly savaged in feminist quarters. By offering women executives with children the option of less responsibility and lower pay, her critics charged, Schwartz was clearing the path for corporations to discriminate against women. Friedan accused Schwartz of "retrofeminism" (whatever that is), and Faludi, in her book *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*, claims Schwartz "recanted" her original proposal, seeing the error of her ways.

In fact, Schwartz did not recant her theories, as her book makes clear. One wonders, in fact, whether either Friedan or Faludi, or the many others who dismissed Schwartz's proposals, actually read her original article or the elaboration of her theories in *Breaking with Tradition*. Schwartz isn't telling CEOs to discriminate, she's telling them to offer choices. If a woman decides to stay on the corporate ladder and have a family, fine. "Women are not a homogeneous group," Schwartz says. "The drive of some women is as enduring as that of many men." But "if you permit men and women to self-select, to decide themselves which of the two—or both—will slow down in exchange for career growth during that period, the situation becomes workable for employer, employee, and child."

It's an offer most women I know would love to be able to consider. Ideological purity doesn't count for much when it comes to dealing with the real world of juggling career and family.

More important, Schwartz's ideas offer an essential humaneness not often found in corporate life. For one thing, her proposals are sensitive to the needs of children. And for another, her ideas could benefit corporations as well as parents. A parent-sensitive business would gain employees whose values do not completely revolve around career advancement. And by spending a significant amount of time with their families, employees would bring valuable perspectives and skills to the corporate world and would be less fueled by sheer (and often debilitating) ambition. Do we really want companies and other organizations to be run by only the most driven of the driven? The answer, implies Schwartz, is no. Surely she is right.

Schwartz's greatest weakness is that she occasionally veers toward the idealistic (although she has the grace to realize when she does). "The hallmark of the ideal scenario is integration: Work and family no longer represent conflicting demands, but forces that fit smoothly together," she says in her conclusion. Well, maybe, I thought. But not in my lifetime, or, I fear, in my children's.

Still, to contrast Schwartz's ideas with those found in mainstream feminist debate is to realize that she's just about the only one these days thinking about, and talking about, the ideal texture of work and family. For most women I know, this is the most critical issue in their lives.

Faludi, on the other hand, is contemptuous and dismissive of the fact that children and families are the "real conditions" of most women's lives. To her, the idea that women might want some break in their careers to have children is just another of those insidious "myths" created by the media and the political right. But by discounting children, Faludi ignores the reality of most women's lives.

Work fair

Consider, for example, Schwartz's argument that women should discuss future maternity plans with a prospective employer. Faludi is indignant at the very idea "that young women ignore Title VII of the Civil Rights Act and review their child-rearing plans with prospective employers." What Schwartz actually says, of course, is quite different. She believes that there is a conspiracy of silence that ends up hurting women. "Denying that women have babies leads to a self-fulfilling prophecy of failure for women and for their employers," Schwartz says. "We'll go on treating maternity as a short-term disability and not the legitimate, lifetime commitment it is in reality."

This strikes me as utterly sensible. Despite what Faludi says, discussing future maternity intentions reflects more self-worth than hiding behind "Title VII of the Civil Rights Act." When many companies expect a long-term commitment from you as an executive, why not admit that your future may include children, and ask how the company would provide for your needs?

If every woman posed the parenthood question during an interview, employers might feel forced to respond. And if other women were more willing to take up the battle that Schwartz has begun—a more prosaic battle than the one that emerges from *Backlash*, but one far more likely to improve the quality of women's lives—then maybe getting off the mommy track won't be quite as difficult for this year's Smith graduates as it has been in the past. □

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The Greeding of America

William Greider's diagnosis of America's ills is on the mark. But even he can't find the cure

by Todd Gitlin

"This book is for the believers," writes William Greider toward the end of this long, valuable, alternately dispiriting (because true) and inspiring (because passionate) book.* By believers he does not mean believers *that*—readers who came to his chronicle of everyday corruption already persuaded that corporate power, two-party collusion, campaign finance payoffs, the pas de deux of Congress and lobbyists, tax hustles, runaway factories, media complacency, and the all-around reign of the Smooth Deal have overwhelmed a feeble democracy. Greider musters plenty of evidence that powerful institutions (chiefly top corporations) have manifold means of accumulating and protecting their power, including the bolstering of federal power to override local regulations, the bending of laws by regulators and their corporate sponsors, and the collusion of Congress in the process, so that, for example, the S&L calamity could be kept out of sight until after the 1988 elections.

This book contains pathology reports by the score, but it is more than an anatomy of the wounds in the body politic-economic. Greider has a keen eye—particularly in his curtain-raiser about mass mobilization by corporate lobbies and his chapter on the polyform nature of General Electric's political interests and talents. But his sector-by-sector analyses of abuse, important as they are, are not his principal contribution. Rather, it is the controlled anger that animates this book—a sign of his wish to speak to, and for, "believers *in*"—in the popular participation that interest-group politics has eroded.

Thus his criticism is not only broad but deep. No technical fixes will do, no 12-step program to a happier democracy—although Greider is not averse to unfashionable reform specifics, like raising the minimum wage to fight poverty. His framework is his greatest originality: He harnesses a shrewd analysis of how policy goes wrong to a radical, principled invocation of the democratic renewal it would take to right things. If this occasionally gives his book a sentimental ring—as in the poor title, which has the feel of one of those folk songs that very few folk sing—at least he is clear about what he is doing: proposing "a new parable . . . a story of national purpose that faces the present realities maturely but does not sacrifice the country's youthful idealism and inventiveness and self-confidence."

Greider has no bogeyman theory. Even the corporate lobbyists have their reasons for acting as they do—they have simply been in a position to adapt to party erosion, political professionalization, and bipartisan Washington gridlock more efficiently than other interest groups. He is not satisfied with ticking off irrefutable facts about lobbying, tax policy, capital flight, etc. Rather, he aims to demonstrate that citizenship has become—had to become—"miniaturized" as its governing functions were parceled out to professionals, and that only replenished participation can loosen the hold of irresponsible interests.

In the Washington that Greider describes more tellingly than a thousand newspaper pages, the professionalization of politics obscures the deeper questions of value that ought to be the substance of political debate. When the dominant form of discourse is cost-benefit analysis—and costs are easier to quantify than benefits—political argument becomes technical, and the interested parties, who hire the lion's share of the technical experts, have an easy time controlling the game.

Against the organized interests that virtually monopolize political decisionmaking and the politicians who make careers in the interstices, Greider arrays independent citizen groups—those Tocqueville thought would prove to be the integument of democracy but which have largely been severed from governance. He likes the irregulars but is not uncritical of them. Each of the three principal styles—identified with Martin Luther King Jr., Ralph Nader, and

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**Who Will Tell the People: The Betrayal of American Democracy.* William Greider. *Simon & Schuster, $25.*

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Saul Alinsky—has its limits as well as its virtues. The moral style of "movement" politics is too easily contained within narrow constituencies:

> Environmental activists may save dolphins by harassing Starkist Tuna—dolphins, after all, are objects of universal human affection—but public outrage is not so easily harnessed to the dense task of rewriting federal regulations or the difficult class issues embedded in government economic policy. Moral outrage simply does not reach to the fine print of hollow laws or bureaucratic dealmaking and can be easily deflected into false victories. Meanwhile, the public audience hears so many competing moral claims, it may instead feel benumbed or skeptical. The politics of moral drama, furthermore, leads invariably to a preoccupation with the news media—even dependency on them. . . . To capture the media's wandering eye, frustrated causes find themselves escalating the terms of theatricality to the level of bizarre stunts or ersatz versions of civil disobedience. . . . In the competition for attention, the outlandish and fraudulent drive out what is sober and real.

As for Nader-style watchdog politics, it "engages the energies of thousands of citizens and produces regular victories, some of them quite spectacular . . . [but] usually defines citizens in the narrow role of aggrieved consumers and assumes that ordinary people are capable of functioning as the equivalent of bank examiners." The public interest movement, like its goo-goo progressive predecessors, is confined to the upper middle class and fails to widen the circle of political adepts.

What Greider wants is small-d democratic, small-r republican politics—open debate on open agendas openly arrived at. He wants parties vastly different from today's fundraising machines—parties that enrich life. (When was the last time anyone you knew went to a party meeting for anything other than a professional reason?) The closest models Greider can find are the local and regional organizations based on Alinsky's precedents—impressive, where they exist, as face-to-face alternatives to soundbite politics. Especially given the collapse of unions and the difficulty of stopping the global traffic in capital by local means, a new generation of organizers is looking to the community rather than the workplace to influence politics. Jim Sleeper, too, in *The Closest of Strangers*, gravitated to Alinsky-based, cross-racial organizations when he went looking for hope in the cities. But Greider, despite his romanticism, harbors no illusions about these grassroots assemblages. They always seem to be beginning. They do not know how—per-

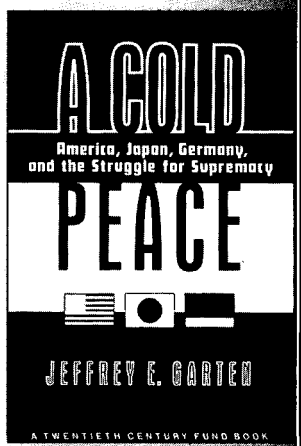
The Twentieth Century Fund

A Cold Peace: America, Japan, Germany, and the Struggle for Supremacy

by Jeffrey E. Garten. A Twentieth Century Fund Book, published by Times Books/Random House.

"...Garten feels strongly and writes convincingly about the challenges facing American leadership today. No reader will be left in doubt about how much needs to be done at home and how much still rests on the United States internationally."

—Paul A. Volcker

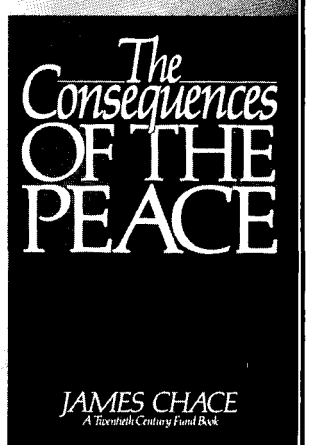


The Consequences of the Peace: The New Internationalism and American Foreign Policy

by James Chace. A Twentieth Century Fund Book, published by Oxford University Press.

"James Chace's intelligent, well-informed book is the sort of study urgently needed to guide the reorienting of American foreign policy within a radically changed world."

—David P. Calleo



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haps they never will be able—to clump together nationally: "The citizens' new tactics also condemn them to a more or less permanent state of isolation. They may succeed at delivering potent messages to those in power, but this does not get them any closer to developing a relationship with the formal structure that decides things." They are still clamoring to change last year's policies when the executive, the Congress, and the lobbies are already putting together next year's. But Greider, too, has trouble formulating a solution to the limits of present-day movements, except to invoke a not-yet-imagined One Big Movement. As William Morris' utopian narrator said in *News From Nowhere*, "If others can see it as I have seen it, then it may be called a vision rather than a dream."

What does it say about America that several of our foremost political reporters—E.J. Dionne, the Edsalls, and now Greider—have all just published harrowing books on the system's political decay? It says that those who know American politics best are most disgusted with it.

Finally, what does it say about American journalism that several of our foremost political reporters—all currently or formerly employed by *The Washington Post*—have in the past year published indispensable books on the causes of our political decay? E. J. Dionne Jr.'s *Why Americans Hate Politics*, Thomas B. and Mary Edsall's *Chain Reaction*, and Greider's book share a marriage of street smarts and theoretical sophistication. In certain respects, despite Greider's invocation of the not-so-bad old days when grizzled, no-nonsense reporters spoke in the populist voice to and for working-class readers, the rise of reporters with restless minds, even Ivy League degrees, is a good thing. It says that inside at least one of the institutions of the current order there is a conscience—which is probably the best thing one can say for it. These reporters all have their feet on the ground and their eyes on the prize.

And despite important differences, they share a considerable overlap, and their arguments are largely compatible. Christopher Hitchens has aptly said that Dionne's book amounts to "leftist analysis, centrist conclusions"; the Edsalls have come in for their share of (in my view unwarranted) criticism for racial insensitivity; and Greider is the most disaffected (as befits the national editor of *Rolling Stone*); but all believe that a self-serving political class of Democrats—even Democrats with ideals, like the reporters themselves—have for more than two decades abandoned their old ambition to speak to a majority. None of these writers believes that the media are blameless in the gutting of democracy, but neither do they blame all, or most, of the brainlessness of politics on the shrinking soundbite. They are appalled that the almost-poor subsidize the poor—insofar as anyone does—while the rich get tax breaks. All believe that cross-class, cross-race alliances centered on economic reorganization can get the country off the dead and declining center. And all are less than enamored of the rise to power—by money, by default, and even by ideals—of their own, largely white, largely suburban class. Dionne and the Edsalls would, I daresay, agree with this summary statement of Greider's: "The present system provides no reliable mechanism to represent the people on the most important governing questions—no institution that is committed to listening to them and to speaking for them, no organization that mobilizes the potential strength of people and uses it to confront the rival power of organized money. The problem of modern democracy is rooted in its neglect of unorganized people."

This remarkable confluence of opinion says to me not only that Ben Bradlee had good hiring judgment, but that those who know American politics best are most disgusted with it. It says to me, further, that quality journalism hires our most acute political analysts and then, under pressure of deadlines and the imperative of piling up disconnected information, has no place for their best work. (It did not make major national news that, as Greider puts it, "In Ronald Reagan's White House, it was the office of vice president that was designated as the chief fixer for aggrieved business interests.") These analysts have had to save their most astute observations for the forum that has the least clout with the general public and the most with the self-same political class they suspect—books.

This gives Greider's book, in particular, an unintended pathos. He is skeptical, after all, that ideas change history. "A democratic insurgency does not begin with ideas, as intellectuals presume, or even with great political leaders who seize the moment. It originates among the ordinary people who find the will to engage themselves with their surrounding reality and to question the conflict between what they are told and what they see and experience." Without illusions about the practical capacities of the populace or the good will of the powerful, Greider has committed to paper more than a checklist of depredations. He has issued that most American variety of manifesto: an act of faith. □

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POLITICAL BOOKNOTES

A Cold Peace: America, Japan, Germany, and the Struggle for Supremacy. Jeffrey E. Garten. *Times*, $22.During the war against Iraq, George Bush built a consortium of like-minded democracies and held it together, with impressive results. He and the Europeans did it again following the coup in Moscow, quite possibly saving democracy for the Soviet people. Indeed, Bush's one major accomplishment as president has been to show what the great democracies can do when they choose to act in concert. True, his New World Order was held together by phone calls and presidential charm rather than treaties and institutions, but for a while it sure looked promising.

While they fought together in the Gulf, the same allies were also fighting in Geneva—except there, at the negotiations on the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), they were fighting each other. By any objective economic standard, the GATT's efforts to liberalize trade worldwide were, and are, far more important than rescuing Kuwait. In trade, however, there is no Saddam Hussein to scare off parochialism. The French and Germans deadlocked the talks by stubbornly defending their outrageously cynical farm-subsidy system. The Americans have sulked petulantly toward unilateralism and a regional trade bloc. The Japanese have dived under the furniture, hoping that they, the world's second largest economic power, can somehow escape notice.

So which world will it be? Multipolar consortium or multipolar disarray? The Gulf war or the GATT?

The latter, says Jeffrey E. Garten, an investment banker and former State Department official, in his bracing new book. "If current patterns prevail, the nineties could well be notable for its [sic] lack of leadership. The New World Order will, in fact, be a world *without* order."

Garten makes his case with exceptional clarity and balance, born of a simplifying assumption that, unlike so many other simplifying assumptions, does more good than harm: Relations between America, Germany, and Japan pose the "critical question determining the shape of the world as we head for a new century." Each of the Big Three is a major economic power (together they account for almost half of the world's economic output); each is a regional fulcrum; and each has had its—shall we be delicate?—problems with the others.

Garten can handle the economics, security issues, and politics of all three countries; it is above all the broadness of *A Cold Peace* that makes the book so useful. Garten is always detailed, never provincial. For example, in his deft parallel treatment of German and Japanese development since the 1850s, it is America, not Japan, that emerges as the special case.

Out of those divergent national histories—Japan and Germany on the path of collectivist developmentalism, America on the path of individualist entrepreneurship—comes the book's central worry. Each country benefits from free trade, secure borders, and some modicum of environmental harmonization. Yet defending these three international public zones against parochial pandering and opportunistic free-riding requires that, as Garten puts it, "at least one of the Big Three, and probably two, will have to take a broad and long-term view of their interests." Now that America's postwar moment of unchallenged economic dominance is over, who will ride herd over parochialism?

America, Garten argues, is tangled in its own economic and social problems. Here, as with many who see America in decline, he gets carried away. He says that poverty is at 20 percent rather than the actual 13.5 percent, and that U.S. productivity is declining, which it most certainly is not. But never mind—there's still plenty to worry about. As for Japan, it's a "follower," partly because its political system is virtually incapable of setting big policy directions. Garten stresses Japan's recurrent political scandals, but those are symptoms of a deeper problem. The fractious ministries and backroom Mr. Bigs of Japan's Tammany Hall-style politics are good at routine management and taking care of private-sector friends. But their eagerness to keep the boat from rocking leads them to freeze when a controversial decision is needed—witness Japan's paralysis during both the Gulf war and the GATT.

While Americans hyperventilate about Japan, our more substantive dust-ups have been with Bonn. The GATT is one such controversy. Another occurred in 1987, when a public spat over monetary policy (Treasury Secretary James Baker announced that he would let the dollar sink rather than follow the Germans into tighter money) helped precipitate the stock market crash. Then there is the German-French plan for a European defense force, which drew a sharp public rebuke from Bush.

Everywhere, Garten sees divergence and potential conflict. "Avoiding a 'Cold Peace,' " he writes, "will depend on whether the Big Three can overcome the forces that will be pushing them in separate directions. Collisions and chaos are inevitable unless someone takes control." He predicts tensions over military burden-sharing, over the division of environmental responsibility, and especially over economic policies and practices. "In place of East-West tensions," he says, "we will see competition among the various kinds of capitalism." Differences may breed conflict, as American universalism and missionary zeal collide with the realities of quite different, yet very

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successful, German and Japanese capitalism.

Yes, yes—but. Many readers, in the end, may emerge from Garten's book a good deal less pessimistic than its author. First, because where common interests are strong, countries with quite different systems can and do work together. The Big Three share a compelling interest in secure borders and open trade. Second, because the sources of Big Three tension that Garten describes are about as benign as sources of international tension can be.

The divisive question today isn't: Can and should democracy survive? Or: Can we avoid blowing each other to bits? Or even: Whose homeland is this? The questions are rather: How will we apportion environmental responsibility? Who will be the technological leader in a nip-and-tuck race? Will we be able to control our tempers as our varying styles of capitalism instruct each other?

These latter sources of tension are the less inflammatory ones. They also have enormous constructive potential. Economic and technological rivalries, unlike the enmity of the past, pay dividends as they drive countries and companies to achieve—so long as no one panics. Garten the pundit and analyst frets over drift, tension, and challenge; but Garten the synthesist leaves us feeling, above all, how blessed we are today to have such manageable problems.

—*Jonathan Rauch*

When Incumbency Fails: The Senate Career of Mark Andrews. Richard F. Fenno Jr. *Congressional Quarterly, $29.95 hardback, $19.95 paper.* The great political scientist Harold Laswell once observed that "political science without biography is a form of taxidermy." *When Incumbency Fails*, then, is political science without stuffed animals. The fact that one of the country's leading academic political scientists has produced such a work gives hope that the discipline is not simply a museum of dusty correlation coefficients tended by a staff of credentialed curators.

Fenno has always been something of a wonder in political science circles. He wins praise from other political scientists for his scrupulous methods and attention to theoretically important questions but his books also receive accolades from practitioners for their descriptions of politics and politicians as more than abstractions or numerical aggregates. Few people can produce political analyses that both sparkle with the brilliance of first-class scholarly investigation and resonate with the solid thunk of the real world the way Fenno can.

When Incumbency Fails is an engrossing political biography of North Dakota Republican Mark Andrews, an eight-term House member who won a seat in the U.S. Senate in 1980 and lost it to Democrat Kent Conrad in 1986. (That seat, by the way, is now open due to Conrad's decision to keep his promise to voters to retire after one term if the deficit was still raging out of control.) But Conrad gets little of Fenno's attention, because what really concerns him is how Andrews adjusted—or, more accurately, failed to adjust—to the job of U.S. senator.

Roughly one third of the Senate at any given time consists of former members of the House. Movement from the House to the Senate has been the normal progression for the ambitious legislator in recent decades. Some pols desire the enormous political opportunity the Senate offers—the chance to occupy one of 100 bully pulpits from which to stake out positions on issues of national concern. Like House alumni Al Gore and Phil Gramm, they understand immediately the potential for agenda-setting and policy leadership the Senate offers. Others—according to Fenno, Mark Andrews was one of them—look upon the job of senator as a slightly sublimated version of House member.

For the half dozen or so House members who successfully make the leap to the Senate each election year,

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When Incumbency Fails is required reading. It tells the person who migrates from the south side of the Capitol to the north that voters essentially discount constituent casework and pork barreling; they assume it will be done. A senator whose legislative efforts are limited to introducing amendments to fund water diversion projects will end up in trouble. What Fenno tells us, based on his first-hand observation of Andrews, is that a Senate career built merely on pork-barreling may lead constituents to take pork for granted or, even worse, to ask that most devastating of all political questions: What have you done for me lately?

What distinguishes this work (and everything Fenno has written since his 1978 tour de force, *Homestyle*) is sensitivity to the interaction between what a member of Congress does in Washington and what he does back in his district or state. He says to the senators, Your reputation as an effective deal-maker in Washington and the admiration of your colleagues and lobbyists might cause Helen Dewar to write glowingly of you in *The Washington Post*, but voters at home will probably want more of you. They may even expect you to practice parliamentary legerdemain on their behalf.

Fenno makes the case that, while in the Senate, Andrews continued to act not only like a House member but, even more pointedly, like a minority member of the House Appropriations Committee. What Fenno implies is that Andrews could not get out of the habit of cutting grubby little deals, offering pettifogging amendments, and serving as a delivery boy for shipments of loaves and fishes to constituents.

There would have been nothing wrong with this if Andrews had gone beyond legislative charcuterie, but nothing he did was part of anything bigger or nobler. He gloried in his role as parliamentary magician, errand boy, and Washington insider. This, in Fenno's view, fell short of what North Dakota voters wanted in a senator.

There is a lesson in all this for incumbents ill-starred enough to have to run in 1992. Indeed, the defeat of Andrews was a kind of harbinger of what lay in store for sitting congressmen. Andrews presented himself to the voters of North Dakota as an insider at the very moment that the tide of anti-insiderism was beginning to rise. Smitten with the magnificence of his own backroom maneuvers on Capitol Hill, Andrews' boasts were often received by voters with puzzlement. In a particularly revealing passage, Fenno describes the convention of the North Dakota Nurses Association, at which Andrews appeared along with his anticipated 1986 rival, Rep. Byron Dorgan, and Senate colleague Quentin Burdick. While Burdick responded with blunt directness to questions and Dorgan drew broader implications from the nurses' concerns, Andrews spoke in the arcane Capitol Hill language of amendments, unanimous consent agreements, and floor action. He apparently forgot that he was not in Washington regaling lobbyists on the subject of some procedural triumph in which he had snookered an adversary. The essence of American politics may be compromise, but when you reduce it all to deal-making, it can come off looking sordid.

The interpretations that Fenno draws so skillfully from Andrews' defeat go well beyond the U.S. Senate, and help to explain the lamentable record of sitting senators in securing either presidential nominations or the presidency itself. Since 1968, 28 senators have campaigned for the presidency, and only one—George McGovern in 1972—even came away with a nomination. Though the reasons for this sorry record are many, at least one explanation is that senators are, as Stephen Hess has called them, the ultimate insiders. Having written speeches for a few senators who were aiming for a presidential nomination, I can attest that the toughest task is to stop them from lapsing into the characteristic, and usually fatal, legislative braggadocio: I co-sponsored this; I was the principal sponsor of that; I served on this or that conference committee. It's like speaking to the American public in Old Norse.

Without question, Fenno's success as a congressional observer—a talent very much on display in *When Incumbency Fails*—owes more to anthropology than to contemporary political science. Dispensing with the usual social science impedimenta, Fenno gets his subjects to open up, and their reflections make compelling reading.

—*Ross K. Baker*

Closing Pandora's Box: Arms Races, Arms Control, and the History of the Cold War. Patrick Glynn. *Basic, $30.* However flawed the final product—and flawed it is—we are indebted to Patrick Glynn for writing a book about the arms races and arms control that is serious, lively, and literate. Unlike so many of his ideological brethren who have felt the

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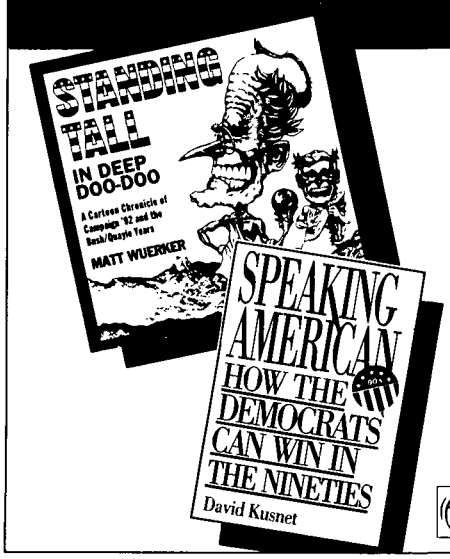

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need to unburden themselves on these contentious, if now slightly passé, subjects, Glynn has taken the time and energy to develop an argument that is internally consistent and grounded in a close and, for the most part, accurate reading of history. One need not agree with more than a fraction of Glynn's pronouncements and conclusions to recognize that *Closing Pandora's Box* is the product of an able and subtle mind.

Glynn, an arms control official during the Reagan years, wants us to understand the process by which Western political leaders—particularly U.S. presidents from Truman to Carter—came to devote enormous effort to the pursuit of agreements aimed at limiting the spread of nuclear weapons and how poor the results have been. He sketches out and then counterposes what he regards as the two overarching tendencies in postwar American foreign policy. On the one hand, Glynn discusses what we might call "the urge to disarm," which he attributes to war-weariness in the aftermath of World War II and Korea. This urge, rooted in a misguided belief that we can attain universal peace, results from mushy-headed thinking by well-meaning but naive political leaders. On the other hand, there is "the urge to resist"—by force of arms if necessary—the dangerous and imperial designs of the Soviet Union and its communist allies.

The preoccupation with arms control, Glynn alleges, owes much to the first of these schools, which is in keeping with what he terms the long-dominant "liberal-pacifist" tradition in Western politics, a tradition that initially placed the pursuit of peace and later the pursuit of "strategic stability" before the more mundane but essential search for national security. According to Glynn, all U.S. administrations between 1945 and 1980 succumbed to some degree to the false promise of arms control and were repeatedly victimized by the chimera of negotiations with the "evil empire." The more appropriate response, it seems, would have been to augment U.S. and Western military capabilities at every turn and to face down the Soviets at every opportunity.

Only the restoration of conservative values in the Reagan era enabled the country to break with the failed policies of the past, rekindle American political, economic, and military prowess, and chart a fundamentally new course in foreign and defense policy. And although Glynn criticizes Reagan for his backsliding on arms control—witness the Intermediate Nuclear Forces (INF) treaty—at least the Gipper's willingness to hang tough with the Soviets compelled Moscow to agree to Washington's terms for once.

While not bereft of merit, Glynn's analysis falls short on several counts. The first is his determination that the postwar security community is divided into two groups—the disarmers and the resisters—and that all actors, from presidents to scholars, necessarily fall into one camp or the other. No such dichotomy exists, nor has it ever. Certainly, one would want to think twice, for example, before placing General Curtis LeMay (an unreconstructed hawk and commander of the Strategic Air Command during the fifties and early sixties) in the same ideological camp as Paul Nitze (a primary architect of Truman's defense policy and a SALT negotiator under Nixon).

A second problem arises from Glynn's tendency to treat as simpletons those who embraced arms control as a device to limit the U.S.-Soviet competition in nuclear weapons and induce a degree of stability in the relationship. In Glynn's hands, for example, Robert McNamara comes across as a willful, manipulative, dishonest, and confused techno-geek, a computer-driven monster all but impervious to reason and military logic. Glynn argues that the former defense secretary purposely set out to weaken the United States in the mid-sixties by actively encouraging Soviet leaders to acquire secure, second-strike nuclear forces. Others might regard McNamara's commitment to decreasing the vulnerability of U.S. and Soviet nuclear missiles as a net plus for U.S. security, given that Kremlin leaders might have been tempted to launch their none-too-reliable nuclear weapons toward the United States in the event of a severe superpower crisis rather than lose them as a result of a U.S. first strike. Left to Glynn, however, McNamara's interest in promoting strategic stability comes perilously close to treason. Other "liberal-pacifists," including Paul Warnke, the former arms control negotiator, and Cyrus Vance, Jimmy Carter's first secretary of state, fare no better.

Glynn is also guilty of glorifying the contributions of politically conservative office holders, bureaucrats, and analysts. He reserves special praise for the late Senator Henry Jackson of Washington state, who, it seems, singlehandedly saved the nation by outmaneuvering those well-known liberal-pacifists Henry Kissinger and Richard Nixon and instilling a little backbone into the gelatinous Jimmy Carter during his first few months in office. Reagan also emerges as a political figure of almost heroic proportions—brave, smart, and resolute—much closer to the archetype of the philosopher-king than I had realized prior to reading this book.

Perhaps the most mystifying feature of Glynn's analysis is his conviction that many of the most difficult problems that confronted the United States during the second half of the Cold War could and should be attributed to the liberal orientation of successive U.S. administrations, save Reagan's. By implication at least, he suggests that the full range of ills that beset U.S. society in the wake of Vietnam should be pinned on the excesses of "liberal-pacifism," including the attempts to negotiate binding arms control agreements with the Soviets.

Such efforts, he insists, intensified the American people's nascent sense of defeatism and moral indifference, thereby enabling Leonid Brezhnev and company to run up an allegedly devastating string of political and military victories at the expense of the West. And all this time I thought it was an overdue and not entirely unwelcome retreat from globalism on America's part, along with a severe case of Soviet hubris, that caused these changes in world politics in the seventies.

It is ironic that the very feature that disturbs Glynn most about democracies—their tendency to underrate their own power and thereby invite the aggression they seek to deter—was routinely, and quite effectively, exploited in America by the conservatives he sets out to lionize. It was U.S.

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conservatives, not liberals, who sought to portray the Soviet Union in the seventies as a military colossus. It was conservatives who depicted America as the declining superpower, exhausted and morally adrift. And it was conservatives who warned that without immediate remedial action the United States would find itself the victim of Soviet nuclear blackmail, if not a nuclear first strike.

Glynn's most egregious shortcoming, however, is his failure to establish precisely how U.S. security would have been enhanced by eschewing arms control. When he tries, as in his discussion of the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) treaty, the effort proves unconvincing. According to Glynn, without the ABM treaty the United States would have been free to construct nationwide defenses against ballistic-missile attack. Had we done so, he insists, the Soviets would very likely have done the same, thus depriving them of the resources needed to continue their build-up of long-range offensive forces. Thus, we could have had the best of both worlds: strategic defenses and fewer nuclear missiles.

Right. The more likely outcome would have been an enormously expensive race to develop unwieldy defensive systems that would have afforded neither the American nor the Soviet people any meaningful degree of protection against a major nuclear attack. Furthermore, each side would have engaged in an accelerated competition to procure additional offensive missiles in order to ensure each side's "assured destruction" capability—the bedrock concept of nuclear deterrence. Had nationwide strategic defenses ever held any real promise as a cost-effective alternative to nuclear deterrence, U.S. officials—even the malevolent McNamara—would have seized on them in a flash. Alas, they never did. They still don't. And they will not, at least not until the existing stockpiles of U.S. and Russian offensive weapons are reduced by something on the order of 90 percent, a process almost certain to require additional negotiations.

Glynn's book is still worth reading —despite several annoying factual errors: Stalin, not Lenin, was responsible for the concept of "socialism in one country"; Khrushchev, not Lenin, was the architect of the policy of "peaceful coexistence"; and total U.S. armed forces, which numbered 12 million in September 1945, declined to a postwar low in the late forties of approximately 1.6 million, not 660,000.

A number of Glynn's observations are dead-on. He is correct when he writes that political leaders, not arms races, precipitate wars. Liberal politicians do at times place the pursuit of peace ahead of the task of military preparedness, often with disastrous consequences. And arms control negotiations do tend to develop a logic and a momentum of their own, even when their contribution to national security is, to be charitable, less than compelling.

As valuable as these and other findings are to the literature on security, they do not compensate for Glynn's larger analytical failure—his inability to demonstrate that it is the practice of arms control, rather than the development and acquisition of ever more weapons of mass destruction, that poses the greater and more immediate threat to national and international security.

—*Coit D. Blacker*

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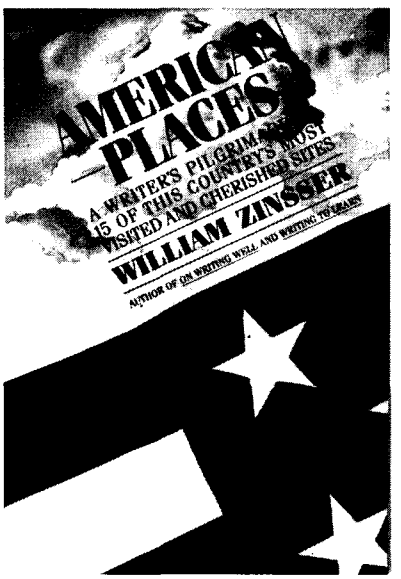

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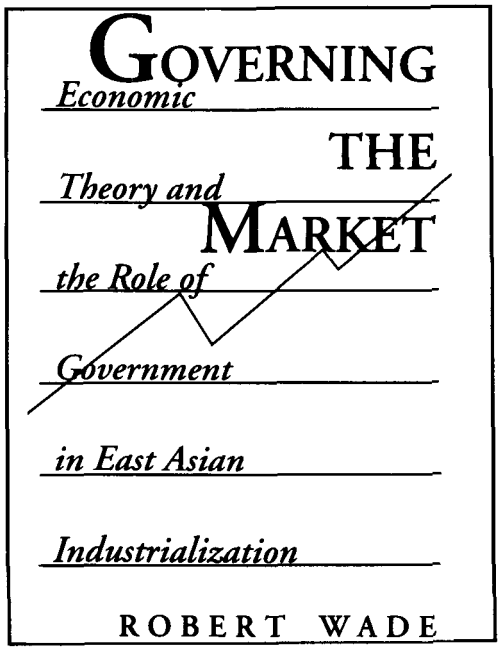

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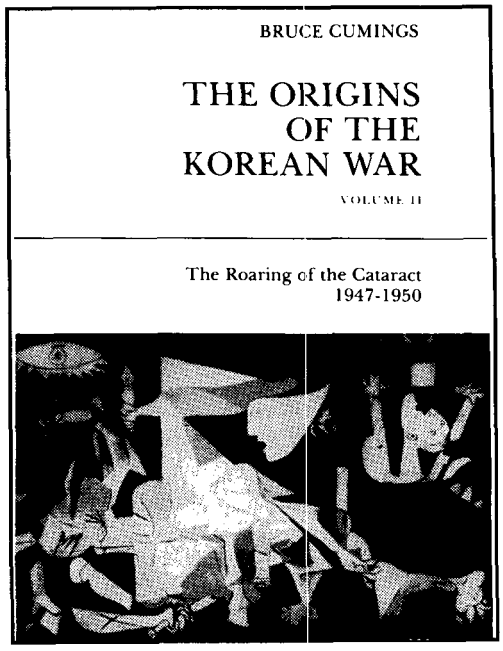

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